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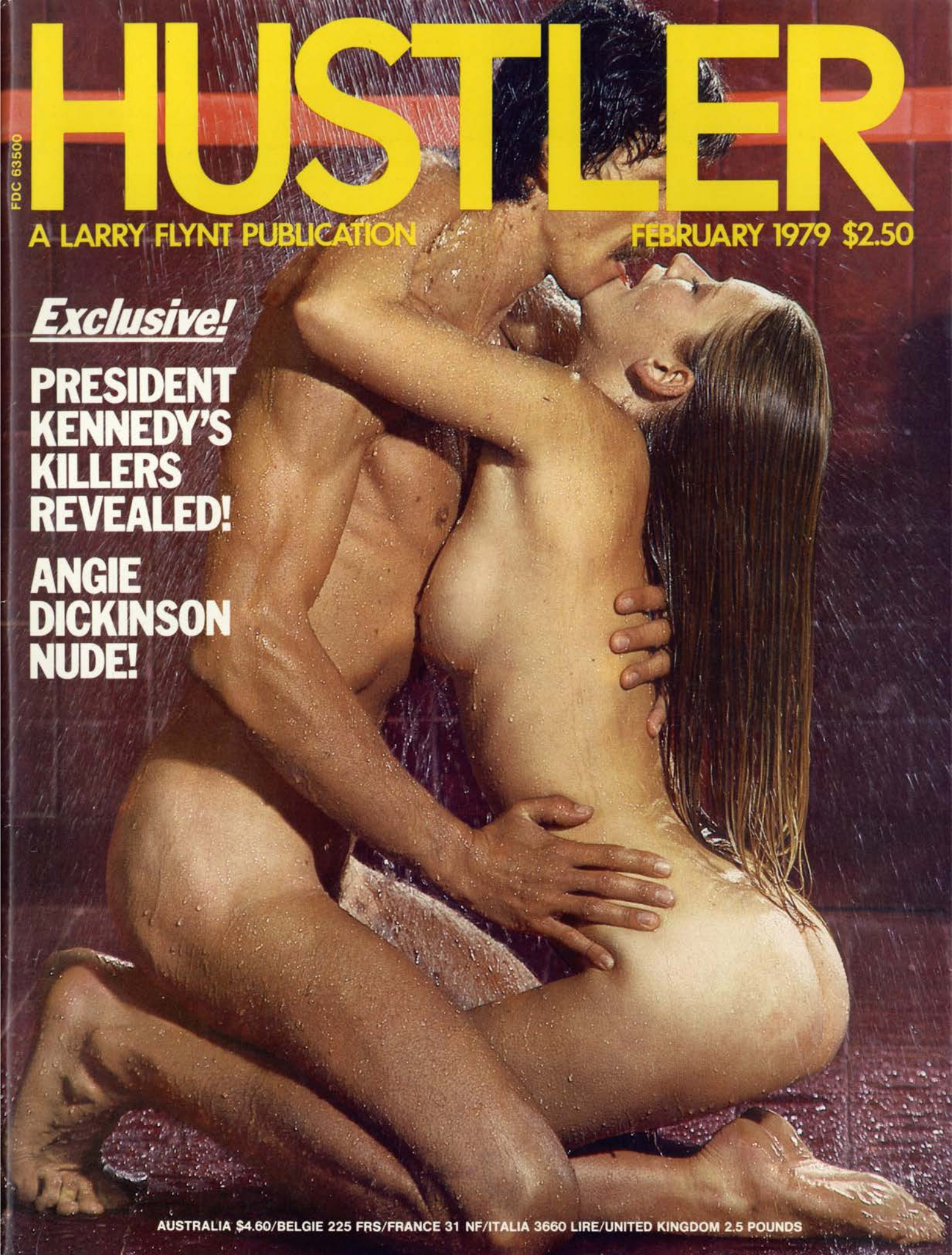
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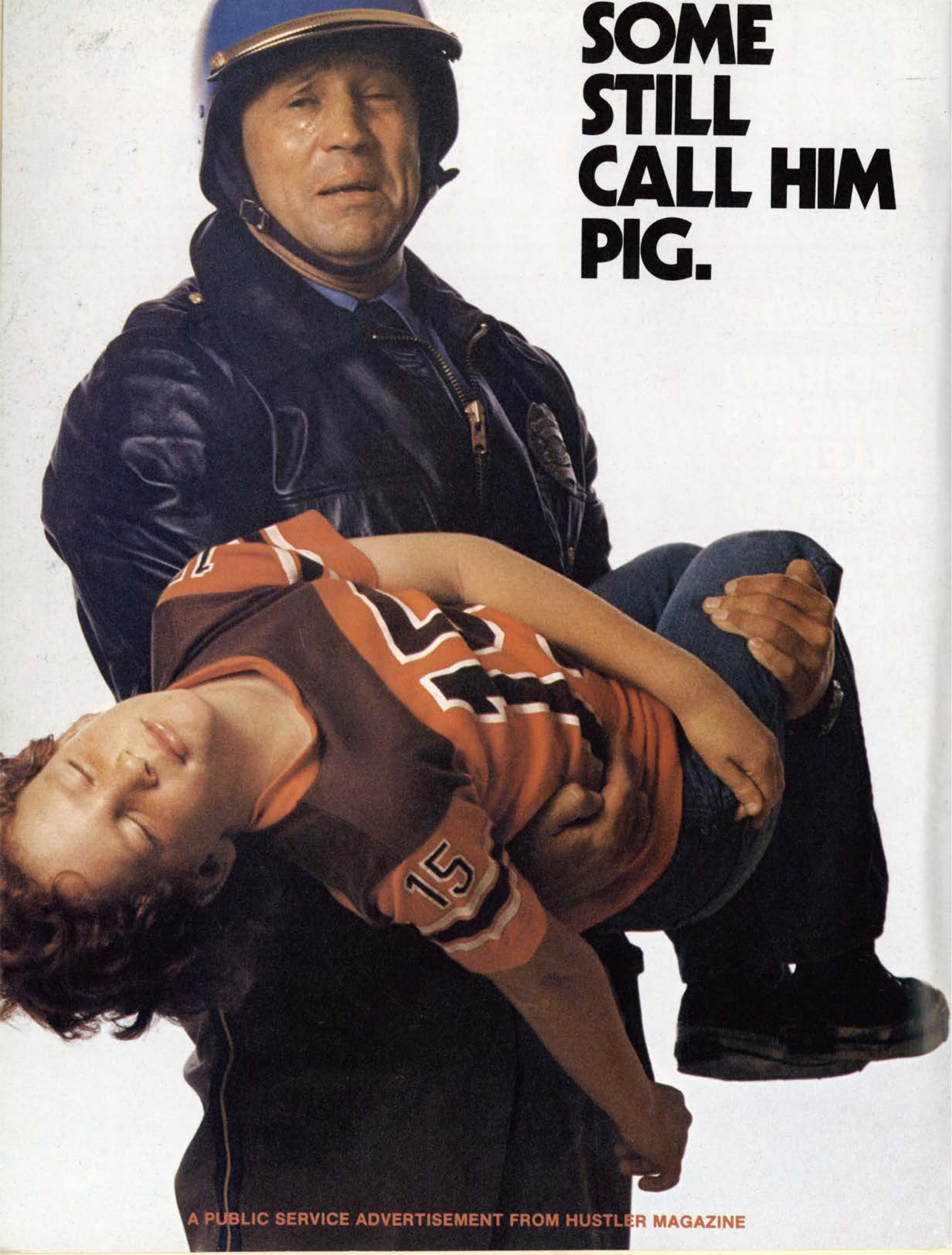
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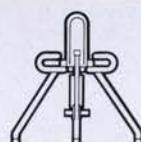
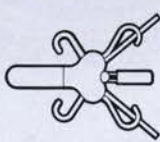
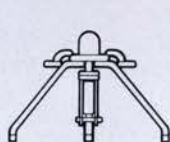
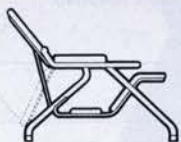
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HUSTLER

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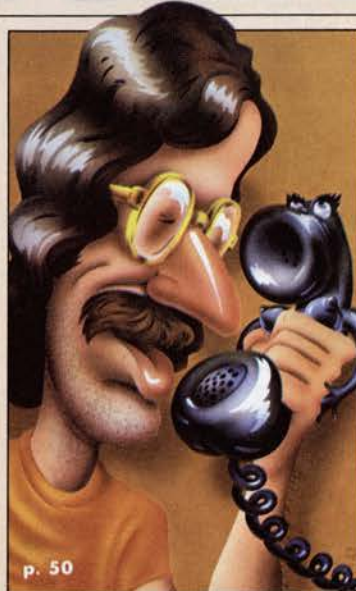
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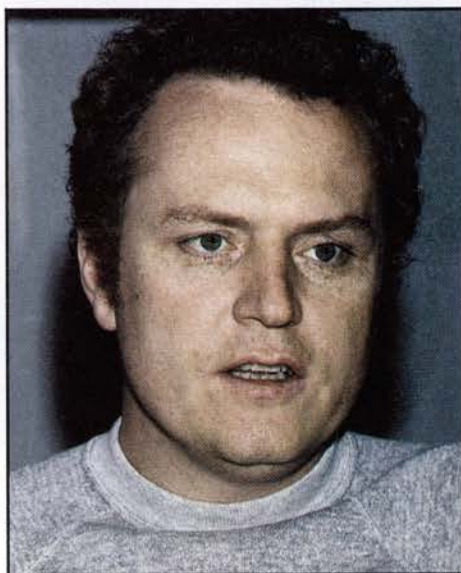
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Heaven at a Price

Just a little more than a year ago I announced that I'd become a born-again Christian. I used the words "born again" for lack of a better term, as I still can't fully describe the spiritual experience that I've been through. But the fact remains that I have been born again and that I do believe in God. However, to set the record straight I want to make it very clear that I do *not* align myself with the "fire-and-brimstone" fundamentalists, who, I believe, are chiefly responsible for the sexually repressed society in which we live today.

During my long hospitalization, while I was recovering from the bullet wounds I suffered last March, I had plenty of time to watch television. I viewed, in particular, the many evangelists who occupy the airwaves—and believe me, I was damn disgusted with the whole bunch of them!

I could not believe the tactics that these people use to fleece the public out of their hard-earned cash. If the only contributors were affluent businessmen, that would be one thing. But most donations

come from little old ladies who are ready for the grave and eager to buy their way into heaven.

Now, I will be the first to defend *any* church's right to exist in this country under the protection of the First Amendment. And I have no argument with any evangelist who simply wishes to share his religious feelings with television viewers. But to use the tactics of fear and guilt to screw five- and ten-dollar bills out of the old and the lonely is nothing short of *obscene*. And the image of "messengers of God" begging for dimes and dollars every day on national television is the most obscene spectacle of all.

Don't get me wrong—if people wish to contribute to the religious denomination of their choice, they are, of course, perfectly free to do so. But that freedom to give should not be corrupted by the coercive tactics of television hucksters.

Larry Flynt
Publisher &
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Our Heart's in the Right Place

Sure we're outrageous, shocking and scandalous—we live in an outrageous, shocking and scandalous world. And HUSTLER will continue to reflect all aspects of our society.

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SHOW & TELL

Cover by James Baes

Since February is Valentine month, HUSTLER has the heart to give you what film producer Roger Corman didn't have the balls to show in *Big Bad Mama*: an exclusive peek at the nude ANGIE DICKINSON, star of the popular TV series *Police Woman*. We've unearthed outtakes from Corman's bomb and can now show you the previously concealed 38s that Angie's been packing all these years. As a bonus, *Star Trek*'s WILLIAM SHATNER beams down into Angie's bed without his spacesuit.



frightening probe into the JFK killing to date.

HUSTLER's heart has always gone out to the workingman, who spends most of his life trying to keep the system off his back. That's why we sent investigative journalist BOB ALLEN to eastern Kentucky to report on the coal miners' struggle with the powerful companies that have long given them the shaft. In *THE POLITICS OF COAL* he tells us the Hatfield-McCoy Feud was just a church social compared to the fight between miners and operators.

The Bell Telephone system's lousy service and its customers' spiraling phone bills seem to be causing nationwide heartburn. Since this monopolistic conglomerate grows larger and more meddlesome each day, it's no wonder that JOHN DRAPER, the electronic wizard known as CAPTAIN CRUNCH, decided it was time to give Ma Bell a

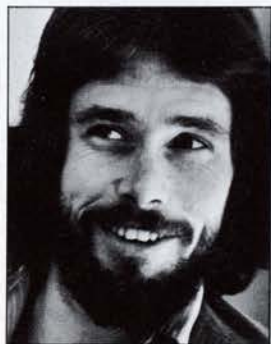
scientific enema. The anticomputer gadgets he used to goose her with may be the arsenal of future guerrillas and criminals, says HUSTLER Articles Editor ZBIGNIEW KINDELA. The Captain is rendered by ROBERT GROSSMAN, one of America's most recognizable and successful caricaturists. His works have appeared on the covers of *Time*, *Newsweek* and *New West*.

February love stories don't necessarily have to have a happy or predictable ending, as you'll see in *TWINS*, this month's fiction. The salesman who picks up two strange sisters and takes them home suddenly finds himself a catalyst of destiny. This is HUSTLER's second tale from ROY CAMPBELL, who teaches English at Southwest Missouri State University. Lending a talented hand is ALEX EBEL, the only artist ever to illustrate two HUSTLER covers (May and August 1978).

We expect to hear that hordes of grown men have run off to join the *CIRCUS OF LUST* after looking over this month's photo-feature by CLIVE McLEAN. Special makeup for this pictorial was designed by RICK SCHWARTZ, who has several film and television assignments to his credit, including makeup for *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and a Ringo Starr TV special.

To round out our Valentine issue, we have a horny couple enjoying a hearty rubdown in the shower; and the Parisian charms of Michele, our dark-eyed February Honey.

All in all, you'll want to know this month's HUSTLER by heart, and that's no vein boast.



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FEEDBACK

In Heat: I just bought the December 1978 issue of HUSTLER. It's fantastic, especially the pictorial entitled *White Heat*. In the past months you've been receiving complaints about using males in your pictorials, but I just want to say that I am all for doing so. It's clear evidence that HUSTLER is *not* exploiting women. It's natural to see both a male and a female having sex. I know that you can't please everyone. However, if you keep printing photo-shootings like *White Heat*, I'll keep on buying HUSTLER.—WARREN C. MOORE, Richmond, Virginia

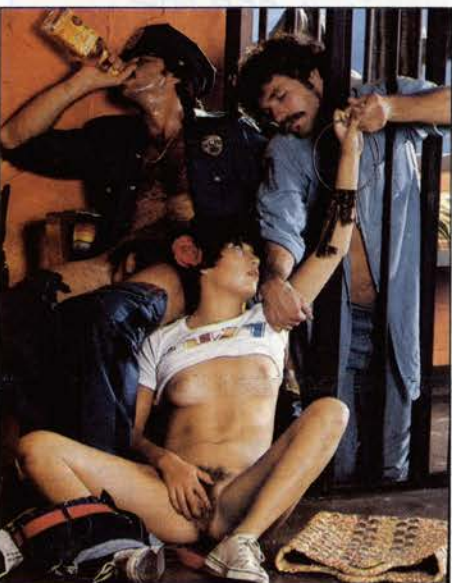
Your pictorial *White Heat* is the most beautiful photo-essay I've ever seen. The young woman is so sensually beautiful, so magnificently exotic in her sexuality that she defies description. The man is equally stunning, every inch of him a true representation of masculinity—from his beautiful face to his feet, and certainly including his lovely, fat, perfectly proportioned cock. He is the picture of all that is sensual in a real male, just as the woman with him represents total and pure femininity. I love them both.—NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST, Carthage, Missouri.

Hookers' Priest: Peace, joy and happiness. I received with great joy the December 1978 issue of HUSTLER and am happy to have read the presentation of my interview. I am in substantial agreement with it and the way you presented it. HUSTLER deserves an A. I am very pleased with your editing and the manner in which you gave coverage to our sisters and brothers engaged in prostitution. May this presentation be in some small way beneficial for them. I hope you will be receiving comments from your readers. Please feel free to forward all such comments to me and also feel free to give my name and address to anyone who might request it.—FATHER DEPAUL A. GENSKA, OFM, Chicago, Illinois.

Thank you, Padre. Father Genska encourages all HUSTLER readers to contribute their comments, pro and con, to him at Corpus Christi Community Catholic Church, 4920 South Martin Luther King Jr. Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60615.

It Takes Two to Tango: I've just received your December 1978 issue and really disagree with those guys who say you shouldn't show cock in HUSTLER. Your magazine has plenty of cunt and presents it in a variety of seductive ways. I'm strictly heterosexual, and I can tell you I almost came when I saw the spread *Last Tango in Tijuana*. The photos almost made me explode with a big, hot load.

Tango is one of the hottest photo-spreads I've ever seen. When I see one of your beautiful models going down on a guy or fucking a guy, I fantasize she's giving me the



best head or fuck I've ever had. The articles in your magazine are entertaining, educational and just plain funny. Your features and your beautiful models make HUSTLER unique. Keep up the good work. I wish you were a weekly magazine so I wouldn't have to wait a month for the next one.—NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST, Miami, Florida.

Beaver Fever: In your December *Beaver Hunt* you ran a photograph of a very beautiful woman, Janet Lee Risser, a security guard and part-time sex performer. She seems to be a big woman and obviously enjoys showing her well-developed breasts and that succulent cunt. Why don't you offer to pay her to pose for a HUSTLER spread? She's sure spreading herself for someone. Just seeing her in *Beaver Hunt* is enough to make me pull my pecker and knead my balls. So think how a full photo-spread would affect me. I'd run my tongue over her beaver every day and five times on weekends. She's one delicious woman.—HAROLD B., Alexandria, Virginia.

Your wish is HUSTLER's command. We've contacted Janet, and don't be surprised if you see her charms spread across several pages in an upcoming issue.

Comments From the Ladies: I am one of the many women who buy your magazine because it is the one publication I can read from cover to cover. But I do have one complaint: I would like to be able to purchase HUSTLER for the photographs as well as for the articles. Just about all your pictures are aimed at your male audience. Why not let all of us have our kicks by running more pictures of men posing in the nude? You don't have many men, and those who do appear aren't hard. Why not?

I guess it's your superior articles that make me buy your magazine, and I suppose it's remarks from chauvinists like Ralph Saville (*Feedback*, December 1978) who keep you from putting in more pictures of men. But I'm sure your female audience wouldn't complain if there were more guys in your photo-spreads. I know there is a demand. More dicks, please. I like to fantasize too.—MS. LEONE, Washington, D.C.

I don't know how interested you are in a woman's opinion, but I'd like to give mine. My boyfriend buys HUSTLER, and we both enjoy it. I'm writing in response to the *Feedback* letter entitled "Garbage," by Todd Sommers (November 1978).

The United States Constitution grants us freedom of speech, freedom of the press and much, much more. It also gives each and every adult the freedom to choose whether or not he or she wants to purchase and read HUSTLER or any other so-called "smut"

magazine. This is what makes our country so great.

If people like Mr. Sommers don't want to look at these magazines, nobody is forcing them to do so. They should save their hard-earned dollars and buy something else, for in the end what they buy is entirely their choice.—MICHELLE E. TAYLOR, Barstow, California.

I couldn't agree more with "Hot Box" in your September 1978 *Feedback*. I'm a 50-year-old secretary with young ideas. (Or are such ideas only for the young?) Sexy male bodies alone or with females really turn me on. Give us more nude males.—ANOTHER HOT BOX, Batavia, New York.

I'm a straight-A student, and I was keeping my grades up even though I have to work part-time in a pharmacy to pay for my schooling. I get pretty bored on the job, so I spend a lot of time watching the guys who come into the store. Recently I noticed something very interesting; all the guys who turned me on had purchased *HUSTLER*. It had to be more than a coincidence, so last week I took a copy home to read. Wowee!!! It's the greatest!!! My roommate found it under my bed and got so turned on by the photos that we ended up going down on each other. Now whenever a guy buys a copy at the store, I slip my phone number inside his copy. I've been so busy lately that

my grades have been going down, but I'm having too much fun to care.—BEV HOLLIS, Brighton, New York.

Negro Notes: Recently I subscribed to *HUSTLER*. It was a great step on my part because I've been raised from childhood to think that magazines like yours were vulgar and filthy—certainly nothing to be read by a decent, upstanding woman like myself.

I just want to tell you how happy I am to have discarded those values. I've really been enjoying *HUSTLER*. But my greatest enjoyment came from the photo of that beautiful black stud, Willie L. Jenkins (*Beaver Hunt*, November 1978). I sat and looked at that photo until I couldn't take it any longer. Finally, I called information and got his phone number. We talked for more than two hours! Not only does Willie have the biggest cock I've ever seen, but he's intelligent and marvelous to talk to. We plan to meet soon, and I can hardly wait for the days to pass. Thank you, *HUSTLER*!—S. HENDERSON, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Gay Appreciation: I'm a gay male and have been reading *HUSTLER* for some time. I like the men in your magazine, but I'll have to admit I can do without looking at photos of women. Is there any chance *HUSTLER* would consider putting out a magazine with only men in it?—NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD BY REQUEST.

We'd like to continue to appeal to men and women. However, we recommend that you check out Blueboy magazine. A one-year subscription is \$24.00 (12 issues). Write Blueboy, 185 NE 166th Street, Miami, Florida 33162.

Porn Again!: I just want to say thanks for your new look. Since you've added the photo-features of those couples fucking and sucking, my sex life has improved 100 percent. The sight of those naked bodies—both male and female—turns my husband on so much he just can't get enough. I just don't understand all the complaints about cocks and balls being shown. I guess those other men are afraid they may see someone who's hung better than they are.—JEAN PETERS, Baltimore, Maryland.

HUSTLER is without a doubt the best men's magazine on the market today. I have enjoyed every issue, especially *Beaver Hunt*. But lately it really looks to me like that section has taken a turn for the worse. The pictures of guys showing their dongs is disgusting, especially to a virile guy like myself. Please get rid of the guys and stick to showing girls.—M. HAMILTON, Texarkana, Texas.

As you can see from this month's Feedback, many women read HUSTLER, and they complained because we weren't running photo-spreads incorporating nude men. So come on, guys, let the ladies have an equal chance.

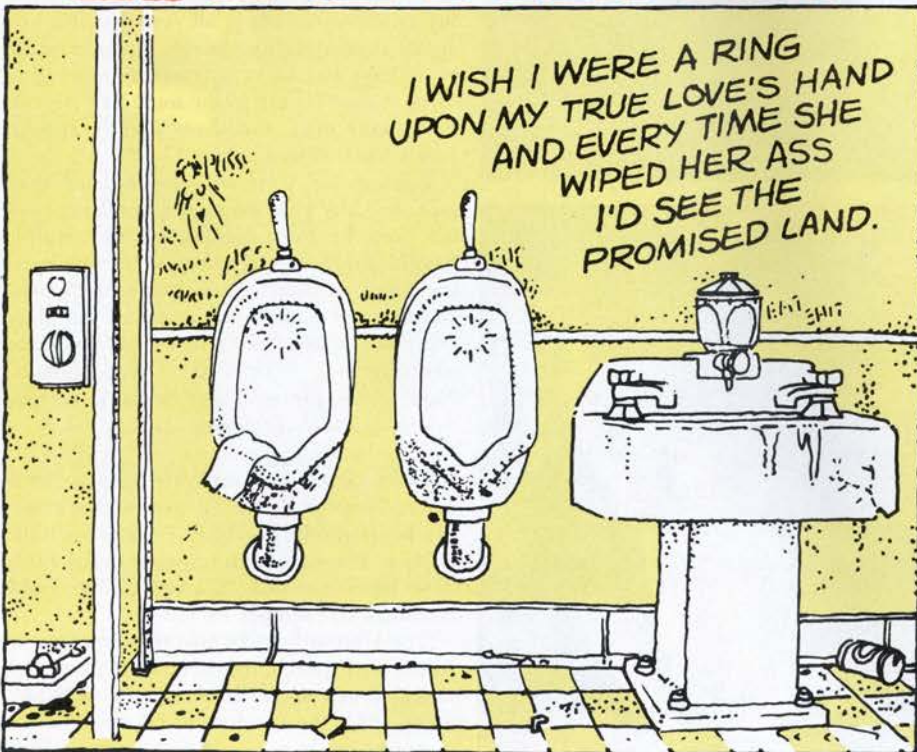
Monkey See, Monkey Do? I'm an avid reader of your magazine; at least I was until recently. I am a good-looking young male with a good background. I must admit your girls are the best-looking I've ever seen, and that's one reason I quit buying your pornography. Your girls are so intriguing that every time I looked at one I ended up jacking off.

Larry Flynt must really be an asshole to believe all that religious nonsense. The fact that he is filling the minds of our children with this unearthly, sinful garbage makes me sick. I have finally awakened to the fact and will not be patronizing you fools. I think Larry Flynt is full of hot monkey shit.—NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST, Packwood, Washington.

Feelings of shame, guilt and blame about the perfectly normal and common act of masturbation are symptomatic of a society dominated by sexual repression. Avoiding HUSTLER because it makes you feel horny seems to be like cutting off your nose to spite your face.

Repulsed: I'm still trying to erase the memory and overcome the nausea and repulsion I felt upon viewing your November 1978 issue and *BEST OF HUSTLER* #3. I read *Playboy* monthly and see an occasional *Penthouse*, but in comparison your magazine is totally distasteful. Don't get me wrong. (continued on page 20)

GRAFFITILTY



THANX AND \$25 TO S.F., MEDFORD, MASS.

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

The latest voice in the argument for conjugal-visitation rights for prisoners is that of Andrew Sanville, an inmate at a New York prison. Sanville is demanding his immediate release on the grounds that prison policies are discriminatory because he is being denied "normal sex." Charging that prison authorities condone and even encourage gay relations among the prisoners, he stated that his situation amounts to "cruel and unusual punishment" and that "the moans and groans of homosexual passion throughout the evening" are deeply upsetting to him.

Dr. Ulla Jacobssen, a Swedish law professor, is crusading for a rather unusual new law--she wants abused children to have the right to "divorce" their parents. Jacobssen pointed out that millions of children are abused by their parents on a daily basis, and that the minors involved get a doubly "raw deal"--they have no legal right to challenge decisions forced upon them by abusing adults.

The solution, according to Dr. Jacobssen, would be special "divorce rights," by which children could initiate legal proceedings to have their custody shifted from their natural parent or parents to another adult.


Syndicated columnist Gerald Laurence has suggested that public punishment of "burglars, rapists and Watergate figures" be combined with ABC-TV's "Monday Night Football." Laurence feels that the spectacle, in combination with the intensity, anger and "pure dumbshit dedication" of the football gladiators, would increase viewer enjoyment of the game.

The method for this legal discipline would be simple: The criminals would be brought out onto the gridiron, and the punishment conducted in conjunction with the scoring. For example, Laurence suggests "flogging for field goals, removal of a toe for touchdowns, a pie in the face for extra points, and 60 seconds of cattle prod for any touchdown play covering more than 50 yards."


Leonard Howard has become the first man to win a nomination for district attorney by a roll of the dice. When the vote count after the primary wound up dead-even, a judge ordered that the election be decided with one throw. Howard rolled a six to opponent Marshall Bouvier's five. Bouvier, not the best of sports, vowed he may appeal the losing roll to the Supreme Court. The site of this political gamble?--Storey County, Nevada.

Dr. Mark Kane, a psychologist and author of the book "Lions of God, Lambs of God," has just completed a research study showing that celibacy may be hurting the priesthood. The tests, administered to 50 Catholic priests and 50 Protestant ministers, showed that the priests were lonelier, had a greater need for love and attention and possessed weaker egos than did their Protestant counterparts. Dr. Kane concluded that Catholicism's insistence on priests' abstinence from sex is damaging to the priesthood.

A medical student in Graz, Austria, herding cattle across a field, was killed when lightning struck a crucifix that he wore for good luck. Doctors stated later that if he had not been wearing the crucifix, the bolt probably would have struck a nearby cow wearing a bell.

A softball team from San Francisco has been thrown out of the Second Annual Gay World Series for having too many heterosexuals on its squad. The ousting was the result of a unanimous vote by members of the other teams taking part in the series. "This just proves that gays can be just as bigoted as the people they claim have been holding them down," said a disgruntled member of the Oil Can Harry Oilers, a predominantly straight club. "I guess there's a thin line between gay bigotry and gay pride." 

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*Freaky
Adventures Of
Candy*

CAROL CONNORS

[illegible]

Each cassette is packaged in a handsome leather carrying case.

A photograph of a woman's midsection, showing her belly button and the area between her breasts and hips. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, bikini top. Overlaid on the image is the text "Do you like me better?" in a stylized, handwritten font. In the top left corner, there is a small inset image of a woman's face and a small logo that says "Pirelli".

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ALL IT TAKES IS A CANE, A BRIEFCASE
AND A...



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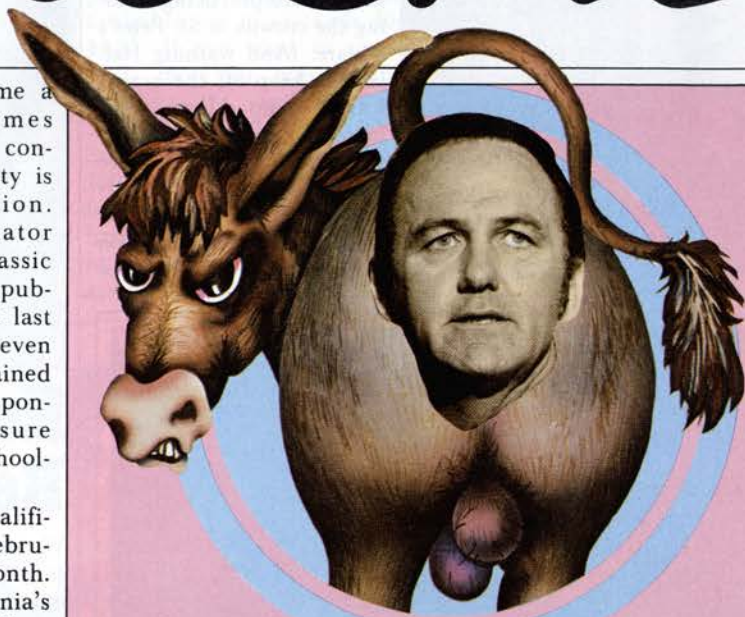
Bits & Pieces

From time to time a politician comes along whose only contribution to society is to promote repression. California State Senator John Briggs is a classic example of this type of public figure. Briggs, until last year a virtual unknown even in his home state, gained prominence when he sponsored a ballot measure against homosexual schoolteachers.

Briggs has all the qualifications to serve as February's Asshole of the Month. And apparently California's voters agree with us: Last November they decisively deep-sixed Proposition 6, Briggs's antihomosexual initiative.

The measure would have allowed local school boards to fire teachers who practice or defend homosexuality. Critics of the idea pointed out that one nitwit student who didn't like an instructor could get the teacher dismissed merely by suggesting that the man or woman had somehow advocated a homosexual life-style. The law would have even jeopardized those heterosexual schoolteachers who might tell their classes that homosexuals should not be condemned.

During the campaign Briggs ranted and railed about "Christian morality," claiming that homosexuality is immoral. This use of religion to cloak sexual repression is not unique to the senator, of course. But he acted in such an unchristian manner during the campaign that he qualifies as one of the biggest assholes in recent memory.



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Senator John Briggs

Political leaders of both major parties condemned "the Briggs initiative," as it came to be known. And Briggs blamed those politicians—including President Jimmy Carter and former California Governor Ronald Reagan—for voter rejection. At one point, using strong-arm tactics, Briggs warned that a no vote on Proposition 6 would amount to a yes vote for homosexuality.

After voters in the Golden State had delivered a death blow to the vicious initiative, Briggs refused to change his tune. Instead of showing any grace in defeat, he said he would "provide

the leadership to get decency and morality in California government." He added that Californians won't "tolerate immorality in our... classrooms." In other words, Briggs refused to accept the mandate of the people, who made it crystal-clear that they don't want repressive laws against the gay community. The voters recognized the fact that as soon as you start committing injustice against one segment of society, no part of society is safe.

During the campaign Briggs mouthed the old and untrue doctrine that gay teachers would recruit nor-

mal youngsters into a homosexual life-style. This is unlikely. Numerous studies indicate that sexual orientation is not a matter of free choice; rather, it is developed within the first five years of life, generally as a result of early interaction between child and parents. Another lie perpetuated by Briggs was that getting gay teachers out of the classrooms would lower the risk of sexual molestation of students. He repeated this like a parrot, despite overwhelming evidence that, nationwide, most cases of sexual molestation involve heterosexual men molesting girls.

On election night Briggs did get some satisfaction. Another measure he sponsored, designed to broaden features of California's already-tough death-penalty law, passed overwhelmingly. Once Briggs joked that he had sponsored the antigay measure to make it easier to get the death-penalty initiative passed "without a fight." If this is true, that means Briggs cynically abused the state's sizable gay population just to take the heat off his antilife proposition on capital punishment. Talk about immorality! There is enough sexual repression in our society without total cretins like John Briggs trying to institutionalize it in law.

It was encouraging to see California's voters repudiate this asshole and his attempt to bring fear into the classroom. We only hope those voters will remain vigilant: Assholes such as John Briggs rarely fold their tents and fade into the night.

—Lee Quarnstrom



Pink Pope

The Sacred College of Cardinals, which gathered in Rome twice recently to elect new popes, tried desperately to convince Larry Flynt to assume the papacy. Larry is shown here practicing blessing the crowds in St. Peter's Square. (And warning Italians to keep off the grass.) Larry, who planned to follow Pope John Paul I by taking the name George Ringo, rejected the cardinals' offer when they refused to let him put taps on the pope's little red slippers.



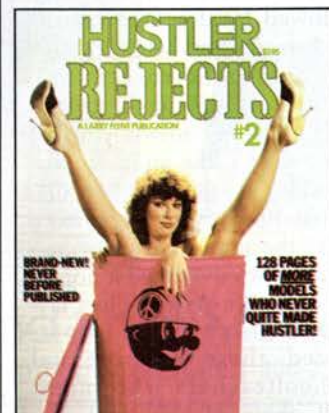
Sex and Violence

Have you ever noticed how many common phrases dealing with sex seem violent? Consider "getting screwed," "beating off" and "knocked up," illustrated here. It seems that these cliches indicate some repressed sexuality in our culture. We think the phrase "fuck you," often an invitation to violence, should be an invitation to something sweet and sensual.



Hustler Rejects

We may have trash-canned some photo shootings for use in our monthly magazine, but we sure as shit wouldn't toss any of the lovely ladies out of bed. The 128 pages of HUSTLER REJECTS #2 (\$2.95) are crammed with full-color pictures of models whose steamy beavers never



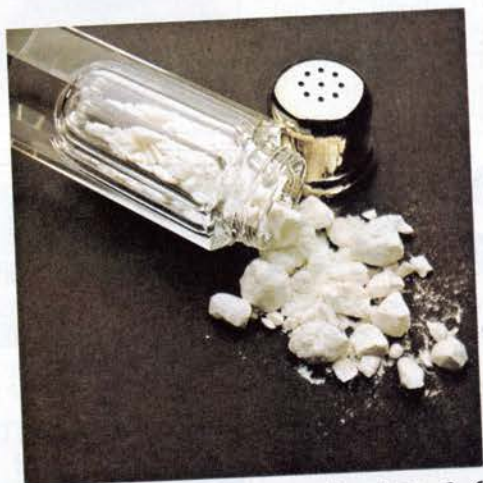
quite made it into the pages of HUSTLER. Not because there's anything wrong with the girls, mind you. But sometimes our photographers screw up part of a roll of film, while other times technical difficulties interrupt a photo session.

We've come up with 17 different shootings of beautiful babes and horny couples for REJECTS #2, which is now on your favorite newsstand. (Or else use the coupon on page 118 of this issue.) As Tony the Tiger might say, it's gr-r-r-e-e-a-t!



Doper's Delight

You can almost get high by looking at the photographs in this beautiful 1979 calendar published by *High Times* and available on newsstands for \$4.95. If you want to spend \$1.05 more for postage and handling, it's available from *High Times* (116 East 27th Street, New York, New York 10016). The calendar is a must for connoisseurs of grass, hash, hash oil, coke and magic mushrooms—all of which substances are colorfully illustrated.



FEBRUARY

PERUVIAN FLAKE



Super Frog

"My cock is yellow, my skin is splotchy-green, and my snorkel is a brilliant orange." The latest TV star to do color-television

commercials is Super Frog. He's able to leap tall women at a single bound and to eat flies from six feet away. This bionic amphibian is hopping...er, hoping to make a hit with old Hopalong Cassidy fans.

Roots

Looking through old family snapshot albums can make for a few surprises. *HUSTLER* Senior Editor Michael Stott found his old family photo album recently and brought in these treasured portraits. The first snapshot is of Grandpa and Grandma Stott in a typical pose after Gramps realized he wasn't going to get it up that night. In the accompanying shot Great Aunt Wanda tried to help, but with no obvious success. At that rate, it's difficult to figure out just how the Stott family tree managed to expand after Grandpa's generation.





What's Smut?

Photographs such as the two on the left got HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt convicted on obscenity charges in Cincinnati, Ohio. But a jury in the same state acquitted Cleveland magazine distributor Reuben Sturman on obscenity charges for handling magazines with titles such as *Hot Cunt*, *Sucking & Fucking* and *Fucking Trio*. Two "hard-core" shots from those slicks are shown on the right. The real obscenity here is the bullshit decision of the Supreme Court allowing "local community standards" to determine whether or not something is pornographic and therefore illegal. Sturman was acquitted in Cleveland. Larry was convicted in Cincinnati—for putting out a high-class magazine like HUSTLER. This whole situation seems like a pile of crap to us.



Betty's Boobs

Do those pink-tipped knockers belong to television actress Betty White? We hear they do.

And it looks like Miss White, best-known for her role as Sue Ann Nivens on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, used the old nude-playing-card method of achieving stardom. She must have been the hole card in more than a few games of stud.

9
♥



♥
6

Screw West

Screw, the raunchiest rag published anywhere, has spread its tentacles westward in an attempt to make money from the horny hordes of Hollywood. The New York-based sex newspaper is now publishing *Screw West*, which concentrates on reviews of erotic entertainment in Southern California. It's available on L.A. newsstands at 50 cents a crack, and 26 weekly issues can be had for \$10.50 from 1655 North Cherokee Avenue, Hollywood, California 90028. Editor Larry Wichman, one of Al Goldstein's underpaid underlings, says *Screw West* will carry those famous *Screw* classified ads for personal sex-

A Complete Guide to L.A.'s Erotic Entertainment

SCREW west

CALIFORNIA'S NUDE BEACHES

A Fresh, Flashy Look at Where to Bare Your Buns and Grab Some... Sun./P. 4



ANNETTE HAVEN ON STAGE

Porno Princess Bares All... P. 14



Classified Ads/Movie Guide/Mail-Order/Swinging

ual services. *Screw West* will also feature reviews and reports on swingers' parties, adult movies and virtually every other kind of sexually oriented activity in the L.A. area. But if the covers of future issues look as dull as the one pictured here, all we can say is, "Screw you!"

Bear Hug

Dear HUSTLER: A year ago my husband brought home a copy of your magazine. Before that I was as frigid as a polar bear and couldn't bear to bare myself to him. Now our sex life is wild and woolly, and there's more humping and less hibernation in our den. We'd like to hear from other couples interested in hairy partners who like bear-back riding. Sincerely, TEDDY BEAR, Columbus, Ohio.





Artistic Shit

The world-famous HUSTLER Institute of Fine Arts is now accepting applications for

enrollment. In this photograph Institute Director Dwaine B. Tinsley demonstrates how to draw some good shit. Tinsley prides himself on being able to distinguish shit from Shinola.

Benthouse

A *Penthouse* model has accused Bob Guccione, the slick publisher of *Penthouse*, of drugging and sexually assaulting her. Jolanta Von Zmuda, pictured here, claims Guccione took advantage of her and also made false statements about her in captions that ran with her photographs. She says the publisher lied when his magazine said she would be a countess if



it weren't for the Polish Communists. This, she says, has resulted in harassment of her mother in Poland. The lawsuit is still pending, and Guccione is innocent until the court decides otherwise. But was *she*?



We Were Expecting More

Knocked Up Mama and *Mothers To Be* are two magazines aimed at guys who go for pregnant poontang. But these sleazy offerings ought to do the belly-bump right off the counter if

their producers can't do justice to pictures of women who glow with the beauty of being part of the miracle of life, instead of making them look like cheap peep-show models.



Knight Watchman

Putting armed security guards such as this Knight Watchman on the streets has been causing

problems in some tough neighborhoods. This guard, who uses his lance a lot, stumbled upon a mugging and mistakenly assaulted the two innocent victims already being attacked by the little old lady hoodlum on the right.



Carved Cocks

These carvings, called poupous, are found on the walls of Maori

council houses in New Zealand. They represent tribal ancestors and folk heroes. It looks like those Maori ancestors and heroes took something of a hard stand on tribal issues.



Chink Pink

Ladies of the Orient is just the tickle for guys who want to see a new slant on sex. Sold in local adult-book stores, the magazines are also available from Lyndon Distributors (15756 Arminta Street, Van Nuys, California 91406) at \$4.50 each for Issues Nos. 1 and 2 and five bucks for No. 3. These Far Eastern foxes will make you lick your chopsticks. Ah, so!



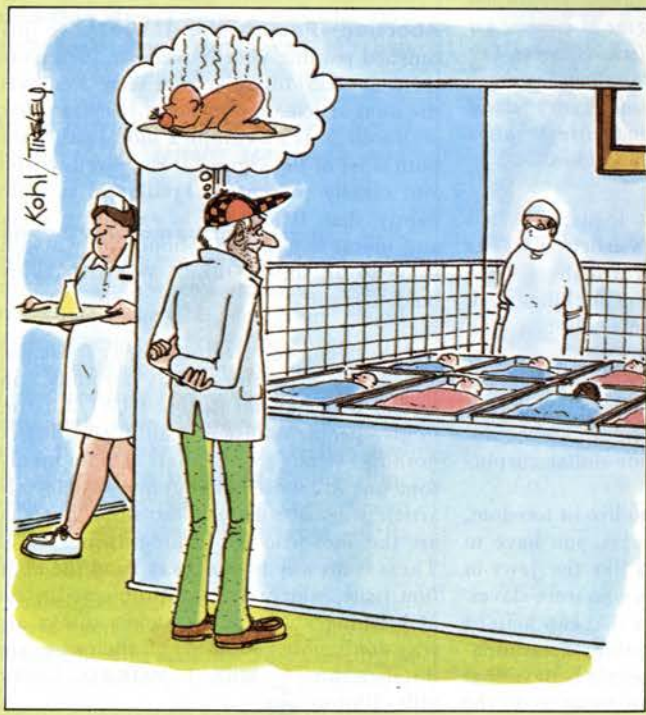


Pubic Pests

Crab lice have been thriving since the government's ban on DDT, the main ingredient in some of the most effective

remedies for crab infestations. One reader, who claims he "got them off a toilet seat," sent us this snapshot—along with a plea to allow "selective dusting" of the prohibited pesticide in emergency cases such as his.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



The Old and the New



Back on the newsstands on a regular basis for the first time in six years is *Life*, once one of America's great magazines. This new version is full of color but fails to meet *Life*'s old photojournalistic standards.

Omni, meanwhile, is published by Bob Guccione, who also puts out *Penthouse*. With almost one-third of its 180 pages filled with advertising, it looks more like a source of corporate revenue than a treat for readers. It's basically an over-designed sci-fi mag, and the only good thing we could find was a story by Theodore Sturgeon, who wrote last month's *HUSTLER* fiction, *The Country of Afterward*.



Hustler Update

TAX REBELS
October 1978

This article took a long, hard look at a taxpayers' revolt against the Internal Revenue Service. Now the IRS reports that the average American taxpayer spends about 14 percent of his earnings on federal income taxes—a hefty chunk out of the pockets of the hardworking men and women of the United States.



ABORTION: MERCY OR MURDER?
November 1978

Our shocking photos illustrating arguments both in favor of and opposed to abortion may be the kind of pictures to be shown to



women in Jefferson County, Kentucky. County commissioners there have passed a law cutting off county funds for abortions and also requiring that women thinking about such an operation be shown a photograph of a fetus to discourage them.

JACKIE ONASSIS
August 1975

Three-and-a-half years ago we ran those famous nude photos of Jackie O. snapped from a fishing boat off the island of Skorpios. Now Mrs. Onassis has bought a traditionally nude-sunbathing beach in Massachusetts. But despite her own liking for skinny-dipping, the world's most famous widow has hired guards and put up a barbed-wire fence to keep fellow nudists off her property. The sun worshippers plan to appeal her decision—to the courts, if necessary.



Contributors *HUSTLER* pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For February, \$100 and thanks to Jerry Aibel, Dave Nicholson and Bob Pileggi.

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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 10)

I'm aware that there are magazines worse than HUSTLER out there. Still, it was a copy of HUSTLER that was left laying next to my car this morning.

Thank God the government and the news media have spared us pictures like the ones you printed in *The Real Obscenity: War* (BOH #3). Most of us have lost loved ones or have friends or relatives who were maimed during the war. They remind us firsthand of those obscenities. And I can't tell you how I've longed to see a pictorial showing aborted babies and women lying dead from self-inflicted abortions (*Abortion: Mercy or Murder?*, November 1978).

Accepting that there are those who enjoy magazines like yours, the sad reality is that there are enough people to keep you in business. You asked me, "What is obscene?" I've made my decision.—NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST, Portland, Oregon.

We have another question: How did that copy of HUSTLER find its way into your car?

Your porno rag should be renamed PIGPEN for all the slop that's in it—people licking each other like animals! It makes me violently ill when I happen on a copy of your vile magazine hidden in one of my teenaged son's drawers. To learn sex on the street is one thing, but the downright sin depicted in HUSTLER is another!

Is it any wonder that there are so many mixed-up kids in the world today, many of whom don't even know what sex they are? It's a crime that sex has been turned into something so sick and filthy!—A CONCERNED MOTHER, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

We publish HUSTLER for adults. We do not promote the sale of our magazine to minors, nor do our distributors or dealers. However, we wonder whether the reason there are "so many mixed-up kids in the world today" isn't related to repressive sexual attitudes and misinformation about sex they're exposed to as children.

Overtaxed and Angry: I just finished reading Zbigniew Kindela's article *The Tax Rebels* (October 1978), and it really got me thinking. In fact, it got me fucking mad. Twenty-one and single, I'm really having a hard time making a life for myself. California's Proposition 13—which many thought held great promise—really hasn't had that much positive effect. Besides, we're still going to have a multi-billion-dollar surplus in 1979.

Americans, if you want to live in freedom, as we have for over 200 years, you have to rebel. You can't be gutless like the Jews in World War II or the blacks who were slaves. There are only three things that can help us overcome all this crap—pride, determination and guts! Too many people believe that our "honest" politicians are going to do the

job for us. It's true that some are helping, but most of them are just jacking off. It's time. We're due for a revolution. Because if we don't have one, we'll probably never see the year 2000.—NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST, North Hollywood, California.

Psychic Direction: Without indulging in complicated explanations, I am introducing myself as an established psychic. I would like to share with you some of my psychic impressions concerning the shooting of Larry Flynt:

1. The assassin was paid.
2. The weapon was thrown in a quarry.
3. There was more than one person involved in the plot.
4. One of the persons involved has a nickname sounding like Semi-Don, Semi-Tom or Semi-One.
5. One of the persons involved wears a silver ring with a black onyx setting.
6. I see the name Reed or Reid; this could be either a person or a place.
7. There is some connection with glass, or possibly a revolving mirror.
8. I see the name American St. Gobain.
9. The psychic sketch I made shows a man with a short nose, relatively small mouth, large ears, long hair, rather wide eyes and rounded, unpronounced chin. Though mine is a profile, it resembles the sketch printed in HUSTLER (September 1978).
10. The weakest impression received is the name "Darnell."

Though I myself don't understand the significance of some of these impressions, I hope that they may be of some help to you.—FRANK HARMON, JR., Athens, Georgia.

We are publishing this letter in hopes that it will lead to additional information.

Abortion—Facing the Issue: I've just finished reading your November 1978 issue, the first HUSTLER I've ever seen. I enjoyed the dual article on abortion (*Abortion: Mercy or Murder?*). It's a complex moral issue, and both sides of the argument were well-written and clearly presented. Frankly, I'm really happy that HUSTLER is exploring social and moral issues, and I hope you will continue to do so.—ROBERT WILKINS, Portland, Oregon.

I really enjoyed *Abortion: Mercy or Murder?* Too many magazines today are only concerned with bullshit fiction. HUSTLER tries to give people a dose of reality, and there is nothing wrong with that. Undoubtedly, someone will write in about how tasteless the article was. But people who think like that are the ones who are fucking up the world. There is no way to run away from the abortion issue, which is a real problem. Instead of bitching about how tasteless things are, why don't more people get off their asses and do something?—MRS. J. MORRIS, Carterville, Illinois.

ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. *Advise & Consent* is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER Magazine, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Sperm Race: Is there any chance that an uncircumcised man can make a woman pregnant faster than a circumcised man can?—NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST, Lowell, Massachusetts.

Until William Masters and Virginia Johnson released findings that proved the theory wrong about 12 years ago, it was believed that a circumcised man could not delay ejaculation as long as an uncircumcised man. The idea was that the circumcised penis was more sensitive. (Perhaps such thinking made circumcised premature ejaculators feel better.)

At any rate, testing proved that there was no difference. Once ejaculation occurs, the speed of impregnating a woman depends on how quickly the sperm, with their whipping tails and help from the female's uterine contractions, can reach an ovum to fertilize. It can take the sperm anywhere from 30 to 90 minutes to race through the vagina. Circumcision, then, has absolutely nothing to do with how quickly you can get a woman pregnant, whether you're talking about ejaculatory speed or the motion of the sperm. And since circumcision affects only the outside of the cock, it doesn't make you any more or less fertile either. Your sperm count is not affected.

Hound-Dog Man: I know a man who likes to fuck male dogs. Would you call him gay?—P. D., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

If his partners chase mailmen, he's guilty of bestiality; if his partners chase male men, he's gay.

Strange Symptoms: One morning I woke up with a rash on my cock and there was a burning sensation when I urinated. I went to a free clinic, where I was given Flagyl. Everything seemed all right for a while, but now I've developed spots on my tongue; they are reddish and give my tongue a scraped look. Also, the head of my penis doesn't get hard when I get an erection anymore. However, a trip back to the clinic revealed nothing. Can you give me an analysis of what could be wrong?—C. B., Marion, Iowa.

You evidently had neither syphilis nor gonorrhea when you went to the clinic the first time (although a burning sensation when urinating is one of the symptoms of gonorrhea). Flagyl is a treatment for two specific digestive-tract diseases,

or for trichomoniasis, a vaginal infection that gets passed back and forth between male and female partners.

Mucous patches or sores in the mouth can each be a sign of the secondary stages of syphilis. An infection of the throat with gonorrhea from oral intercourse shows itself in a sore throat or pain on swallowing. Then, too, a bright-red tongue can be a sign of vitamin deficiency, anemia, stomach trouble or even bad teeth. Discomfort, a burning sensation or a discharge from the penis are signs of gonorrhea. But that shouldn't have anything to do with a flaccid penis or penis head.

When you go back to the clinic, be sure to ask specifically what disease you had the first time. If Flagyl is prescribed again, ask if there isn't another medication you can substitute—Flagyl is suspected of causing cancer and therefore should not be used routinely.

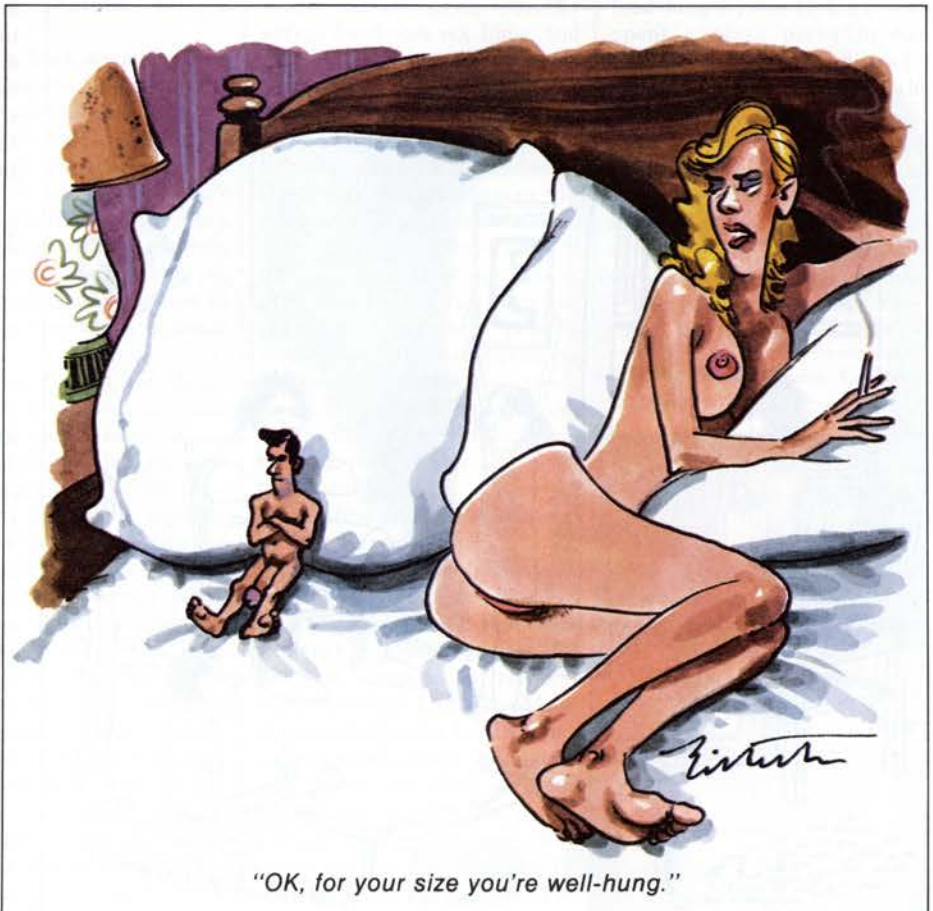
Tough Nut to Crack: I am 23 and have been married for nearly six years, but I have never achieved orgasm. A year ago I started having an affair—I thought perhaps I could have an orgasm with another man. But it didn't work. As a matter of fact, he made me realize how great my husband is. My lover lasts about 90 seconds before he comes. I've tried prolonging our lovemaking with foreplay, but then he comes even before he puts his cock in me. Still, I really enjoy being

with him, and I always anticipate the next time we can be together. I wish I could make him last longer.—D. W., Fort Worth, Texas.

It sounds as if you were trying to solve your problem by creating a new one. Did you take a lover simply for sexual satisfaction? Or were there other factors involved? If it was simply for the sake of sex, we would suggest going back to your husband and practicing until you get it down. Have you been able to bring yourself to orgasm by masturbating? This is one of the surest ways to find out what it takes for you to climax. It's important to be able to communicate your needs to your partner.

With your husband you only had the one problem to deal with—your inability to achieve orgasm. With your lover you've automatically got two or more additional problems—your orgasm, his premature ejaculation and probably a whole variety of mental or emotional hassles hiding beneath the surface.

If you continue on with your lover, you can help him overcome his premature ejaculation with the squeeze technique, which employs alternately squeezing and stimulating the penis until control is gradually learned. Another method has been developed by the University of California School of Medicine in San Francisco. The man learns to delay orgasm by masturbating himself, practicing until he can last 15 minutes; then the woman



"OK, for your size you're well-hung."

ADVISE & CONSENT

masturbates him, again practicing until he can last 15 minutes. This technique takes a good deal of time and may require a lot of training sessions, but it has had good results.

Hard to Swallow: I have read that the average male homosexual has a larger penis than the heterosexual. This is attributed to two things: The homosexual engages in more sexual activity than does the heterosexual, and also a stretching effect caused by fellatio and anal sex. My question is this: Is it possible that, since homosexuals swallow semen, the extra testosterone they ingest is responsible for their big penises? If this is true, I'd swallow my own cum to make my penis larger. —D. B., Cleveland, Ohio.

Neither the amount of homosexual or heterosexual activity nor the method of lovemaking employed has anything whatever to do with penile length. And there are a lot of horny heterosexuals who would quibble with your statement that homosexuals engage in sex more frequently. That is a matter of individual sex drive governed more by time, opportunity and desire than by sexual orientation.

There are also a good many men who enjoy fellatio and engage in anal sex with female partners; there just aren't any muscles in the penis to be stretched. The size of the cock is determined before birth by a man's genetic code. No contraption, cream or vacuum will make it grow

larger permanently, and those things can cause damage (such as loss of sensitivity or broken blood vessels).

At puberty a hormonal malfunction can interfere with the development of sex characteristics, such as pubic-hair growth, lower voice and the size of the external sex organs. Hormone therapy can be used to correct the interference with the body's preprogramming at that time. It is also used to treat cancer or some sexual disorders in old age. But in a full-grown healthy man, hormone therapy will have no effect on the dimensions of the penis.

Even if additional testosterone could help the size of your cock, swallowing cum wouldn't provide you with any more of it. This hormone is manufactured in the testes and released directly into the bloodstream. It does not travel out of the body with a man's ejaculated semen.

Room to Grow: Exactly what are stretch marks? Is there any way they can be cleared up? —NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST, Reedsport, Oregon.

Stretch marks are as common an affliction as the common cold, yet amazingly little has been written about them in medical texts. They can be described as scars that develop when the connective fibers below the skin are stretched to such a point that they lose their elasticity. This usually occurs when weight has been gained rapidly and muscle tone is neglected.

Pregnant women seem to have the greatest problem with stretch marks on their bellies because of the rapid weight gain they go through. But they also show up on the flabby part of the upper arms, thighs, breasts and buttocks.

Apparently, prevention of pounds is worth an ounce of cure when it comes to stretch marks. Once they appear, there is little to be done about them. Some people theorize that smoothing on some vitamin-E oil every day for about three months helps, and there is a possibility of relief here: Vitamin-E oil on occasion has been shown to help the appearance of bad scars.

Even plastic surgery offers little hope. Dermabrasion takes only the top few layers of skin off by scraping or chemicals; stretch marks appear from beneath the surface layers. And cosmetic surgeries such as the tummy tuck or the thigh tuck (which are expensive and require hospitalization) don't eliminate them completely, because those operations only tighten loose skin. You could suffer through all that pain and expense, and the stretch marks themselves might still be present. Apart from a good suntan or the use of makeup, about the best methods for keeping stretch marks in check seem to be weight control, exercise and special attention to muscle tone.

Bald Beaver: After reading so much in HUSTLER about shaved pussies, I decided to surprise my lesbian lover one day when she came home from work. I showered, shaved and powdered my cool summertime dessert so it was as soft and smooth as a baby's bottom. The new feeling was delicious, and I tried it out twice myself before she got home. I loved it, but she went wild. Even though we've been getting it on for about two years, we now fuck and suck like new lovers.

However, to keep my pubes smooth I have to shave every day, which leaves a razor stubble and a little rash. I've tried shaving with lotion, soap and nearly everything else, and I'm always careful to use a new razor blade. What am I doing wrong? —M. L., Memphis, Tennessee.

Electrolysis may be the best answer for you, or a depilatory cream, if used with extreme caution (and some tissue or cotton tucked into the vagina just in case the chemicals run). The rash and irritation are a form of contact dermatitis, your body's reaction to outside factors. It may be that some of the hair follicles have not come above the surface of the skin, and running a razor over them simply serves to irritate the condition. Try waiting a day or so between shaves, and be sure not to scratch. For the itching you might first try applying ice bags for a few minutes, followed by hot water, then a soak in a tub with baking soda in it. After you dry use talcum powder and witch hazel or calamine lotion.

Dorsal Slit: I am in prison at the moment, but I'll be getting out soon. I'm worried about what my sex life will be like. Prior to my incarceration my doctor recommended

(continued on page 28)



MEDIA TAKES

Edited by Michael Stott

EROTIC FILMS

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week, yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the standard arbiters of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur producers on to better and better productions.

Down the Tubes With Deep Throat

One day soon a budding professor of film studies is going to write a Ph.D. dissertation entitled "The Influence of *Deep Throat's* Comic Tone on the Hard-Core Erotic Films of the Late 1970s." Naturally, the graduate student of cinematic cooze who pens it is going to have to camouflage the point under a shitload of footnotes and copycat cross-references.

But even a dissertation has to have a thesis, and I'm going to give that aspiring young pointy-head his (or her) thesis in a nutshell, no charge: *Deep Throat* was cute, and *Deep Throat* made money. And that's why far too many porn filmmakers now regularly inject cuteness into their wares as if it were an essential ingredient. It's time they realized that cuteness is about as erotic as a ton of bat droppings and that eroticism in the cinema can utilize the same storehouse of ingredients that are the staples of eroticism in real life: passion, jealousy, anticipation, anxiety, teasing, ecstasy, fetishism and plain old falling in love.

Deep Throat was cute at a time when cuteness in porn was relatively new. When it was released in 1972, this zany tale of a misplaced clitoris and the whacky psychologist who finds



'Deep Throat': Back in 1972 cuteness worked, but enough is enough.

it (next to Linda Lovelace's tonsils, remember?) made news around the world. Audiences—particularly young suburban couples who had never seen a hard-core erotic film before—went to see *Deep Throat* and left the theater turned on and laughing.

Looking back on it now, it's easier to put the cuteness of the characterizations and dialogue in perspective. It was the glue of a crude comic framework designed to set off the star's amazing ability to suck cock deep and hard without gagging. When the film was busted, the cuteness was shown in court to be part of the film's satirical structure.

As Arthur Knight, the highly esteemed professor of film studies at the University of Southern California, testified before Judge Tyler at the New York trial: "Here for the first time we are concerned with the woman and her gratification rather than the woman being used as an object of gratification." Seen in these terms, the cuteness of the one-liner gags—"What's a nice joint like you doing in a girl like this?"—kept the satirical tone light, a tone Knight described later in the same trial as "a kind of very real attempt to use humor in depicting a sexual situation as to underlie that with some insight." ("Experts" tend to

talk like that under the psychological pressure of being on the witness stand!)

But now it's 1979, and the legal situation for hard-core cinema is less volatile. Distributors know their market well; most communities readily accept hard-core sex films, and for the few that don't, many producers regularly make softer versions.

The main concern for erotic-film distributors and producers is whether or not audiences will come out in sufficient volume to view the \$80,000 to \$100,000 pictures they want to make—productions that can truly be judged on their merits as well-made films by any standard. So far the indications are good; since *Deep Throat* opened the doors, the adult-film audience has become younger and more discriminating.

In a recent study conducted by Esco Research Associates for the California-based Pussycat Theater chain, the following facts were discovered about the audience composition at the Pussycat Theater in respectable, suburban El Cajon: More than one-fifth were female, one-quarter were college graduates, and nearly one-third were in white-collar sales jobs or in management. Their ages? Sixty-five percent were between 18 and 40, and 24 percent were between 18 and 25—a far cry

from the stereotype of the old bum in a soiled raincoat with a folded newspaper in his lap. Little wonder that moneywise backers are eager to invest in X-rated films.

The conclusions are inescapable: An unashamed, intelligent and sexually mature audience exists for erotic cinema, and the legal climate nationwide is generally permissive. There has never been a better time in this country's history for the production of sensual and well-crafted films about the human sexual impulse. And that's why it infuriates me to see the same old cute and cliché-ridden formula-flicks come down the pike, while their producers celebrate their failure of imagination by laughing all the way to the bank. . . .

Pizza Girls

Take, for instance, two recent releases. The first is *Pizza Girls*, a chortle-filled inheritor of *Deep Throat's* cuteness. The plot concerns a fast-food king (John Holmes) who opens a pizza parlor in San Francisco's "chicken district." The girls of the title deliver the merchandise around town on skateboards, and when we say deliver, we ain't kidding. The menu is a sexual code: "Bell Pepper" means going down on a dyke, while "Head Cheese" means going down, period. There are some highly erotic shots of the four pleasingly

'Pizza Girls': Deseree Cousteau delivers. Had a piece lately?





'Pizza': Some hot sex, but the rest of it is strictly for chuckles.

plump fast-fuck pizza punks as they defy gravity on their boards, but you could glom on to similar goodies at any Fourth of July parade. An intense newcomer named Candida Royalle stars in a sexy lesbian scene, but the rest of the film is strictly for chuckles.

Yet *Pizza Girls* is a movie that not only stars John Holmes but also features the delectable Deseree Cousteau, the enema-squirting star of Alex deRenzy's *Pretty Peaches* and the female half of a sizzling HUSTLER couple-spread, *Hit and Run* (September 1978). True, there are several excellently filmed hard-core scenes of Deseree and her bounteous boobs giving lip-smacking Head Cheese with all the skill and enthusiasm of Mount Rushmore's sculptor. But the script continually undermines the real eroticism that Deseree is capable of emoting.

At the start of the movie we see her applying for work as a pizza girl. Holmes helps her fill out the application. "Sex?" he asks, pencil poised. "Once in Alabama," she replies, helpfully, and that was the funniest line in the whole damn thing. Similar little giggles are spread thick as pizza crust over every potentially hot sequence, so that you're never quite sure whether you're watching porn or *Hee Haw*. —M. S.

Little Orphan Dusty

Mercifully passing over that part of *Pizza Girls* when the skateboarders are raped by a six-foot chicken, let's talk about another rigidity-sapper, lately released.

Little Orphan Dusty is a flick with a gimmick—a Farrah Fawcett-Majors lookalike named Rhonda Jo Petty. Ms. Petty is no actress, but then many feel that neither is the original, so I suppose you could argue that the producers came up with a more-than-authentic double. As a matter of fact, Rhonda Jo turned me on far more than Farrah ever did. Rhonda's tits are bigger, for one thing, and there's a vulnerable, semistoned quality to her that beats the hell out of Farrah's hard and plastic Hollywood brittleness.

Rhonda Jo plays the title role

of Dusty, a runaway orphan who's hitchhiking on a country road as the film opens. Almost immediately she's pursued and raped by an appropriately vicious and unwashed motorcycle gang. The gang leader, Slimy (Turk Lyon), is a wondrously psychotic, hate-crazed animal with a raspy, Peter Lorre-kind of voice. He orders the gang to hold Rhonda Jo down over one of the bikes, and not one of her orifices remains unplugged. After the male members do their thing, the gang's moll (Jo Boye) fist-fucks Dusty's well-shaved cunt until it becomes as dry as her name suggests. Then, with a gallant cry of "Get that shit off my bike!" the bikers zoom off to new adventures—the burning of a children's hospital, perhaps—leaving Dusty in the dirt.

Up to this point *Little Orphan Dusty*'s eroticism is clear and unadulterated—a must for



'Little Orphan Dusty': Some bad acting—and a Farrah lookalike.

macho S&M freaks who enjoy the fantasy that rapees love getting raped. But then the film gets silly. Over the hill strides Frank (John Holmes), an "artist" in short pants. Carrying an easel over his shoulder, he looks like Huckleberry Finn trying to find the river. You almost expect to hear the voice of Nigger Jim offscreen, beseeching: "Come back on the raft, Huck Honey!"

Frank picks Dusty up and takes her back to his pad, where he paints high-priced erotic pictures. Dusty watches him work, enthralled. This is because most of the time he's fucking his model. Then he fucks his assistant, then Dusty, then they all fuck, then he falls in love with Dusty and they fuck some more—but before that she's raped again by Slimy (he didn't get enough the first time).

The whole thing just disintegrates into episodic bullshit, but there are some hilarious lines. Frank catches Slimy in mid-rape and, referring to Slimy's foreskin, yells: "You may have come in here a gentle, but—motherfucker—you gonna leave here a Jew!" But the film never manages to recapture the first, fine careless rapture; the editing gets successively choppy and the direction sloppier. The end result is one of poorly crafted sleaze—shaky characterizations, overly theatrical exits and entrances, and a lot of bad acting—particularly from Holmes, who keeps fluttering his hands around his face as if he were speaking in sign language to those in the audience who might be deaf as well as horny. *Little Orphan Dusty* should be returned to the orphanage and locked up for life. —M. S.



'Dusty': Poorly crafted, with overly theatrical exits and, er, entrances.

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

A Woman's Torment

Although the screen credits flash a male pseudonym, this film was written, directed and produced by Roberta Findley. She is one of the few female porn filmmakers, and—by virtue of *A Woman's Torment*—easily the best. It must be said that this is a medium-budget film with only pedestrian eroticism. However, when you encounter a porn flick that relies on a logical script and (surprise of surprises) decent acting, you almost fall out of your seat from the wonder of it all.

A Woman's Torment is "horror porn" that actually achieves some dramatic values, thanks in part to the "tormented" Tara Chung. Tara, a lady with a Eurasian face and the ability to impart a reasonable impression of madness, plays Karen, the speechlessly traumatized relative of Frances (Harris Compton) and her husband Bob (Jeffrey Hurst). They in turn are friends of a psychiatrist and his wife (Jake Teague and Jennifer Jordan). We learn that Frances and the doctor are ex-lovers, and throughout the early part of this film we watch both couples fuck, fight and party through their banal, upper-middle-class lives. There are endless discussions about Karen's "problem," and they decide to turn her over to a shrink.

Meanwhile, Karen slips off to Frances's and Bob's beach house. The soundtrack cranks out eerie music as the demons of madness rise and descend inside her head. Coincidentally, when the demons rise, someone dies, and eventually the house and its environs become littered with bodies. The violence is skillfully rendered, and by the third or fourth murder there was a definite tension in the audience as it anticipated when and how Karen would do in her next victim.

It's hardly a hard-core *Psycho*, but in its own modest way *A Woman's Torment* is an effective horror film. Besides Tara Chung, there are competent performances by Compton, Teague and Hurst. The film

was shot entirely in Manhattan apartments and on Fire Island. Although not a big-budget extravaganza, *Torment* proves that a decent script and an honest effort can go a long way.—Frank Fortunato.

[Editor's Note: The producers of *A Woman's Torment* didn't provide *HUSTLER* with still photographs of an acceptable quality for reproduction, which is why we're not running stills from this film.]

Invasion of the Love Drones

Here's a porn fantasy that moves in a circular pattern—from cute to silly to idiotic and back again. Along the way there are a number of interesting props and sets, a fair amount of fucking and a story filled with unintentional laughs. Actually, *Love Drones* is not a low-budget film at all. It was shot in 16mm and later blown-up to 35mm at a cost of \$50,000. But it's much too ambitious for its budget, and much, much too silly.

A Rod Serling soundalike fills us in on the background as a cock-shaped spaceship hovers

over a photo of Earth. It seems a group of interstellar hornies known as the "Ora Gasms" have invaded Earth to absorb its sexual energy—which is their food.

Their first victim, or "love drone," is a normal-enough citizen who gets zapped, or "cloned," in his bathroom. He becomes a zombielike love slave, driven to clone others. Cloning, you see, is accomplished by fucking, and he works his way into a sex clinic where the director—Doctor Femme (Sarah Nicholson)—smells an intergalactic rat. She contacts the FBI, but (wouldn't you know it?) she's too late. A female agent on the scent of the insidious plot had infiltrated a swingers' country club, but was cloned and then returned to infect the bureau. With clones springing up all over the planet, it looks bad.

Back at the spaceship the love drones are doing what love drones do best: fuck. This is mainly portrayed by a film-long fuck sequence between Bree Anthony and Tony Blue. The Queen Drone (Eve Latio), a black woman in whiteface, also contributes her share of orgasms until she's ultimately, catalytically destroyed by a



'Love Drones': Eve Latio (center) leads a pack of interstellar hornies.

fatal dose of syphilis, self-administered by a heroic young woman who sacrifices herself to save the planet.

Love Drones works only as an example of high camp. As it's difficult to laugh and simultaneously maintain an erection, *Love Drones* is not a very erotic film. But it sure is funny.—F. F.

ON THE CIRCUIT

At reader request, we're pleased to bring back *On the Circuit*—a monthly column that lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

Erection

All About Gloria Leonard
Bad Penny
Barbara Broadcast
Desires Within Young Girls
Erotic Adventures of Candy

Three-Quarters Erect

Another Love, Another Place
Candy Strippers
Do You Wanna Be Loved?
Fiona on Fire
Happy Holiday
Health Spa
Honeymoon Haven
Maraschino Cherry
Pretty Peaches
Sensual Encounters of Every Kind
Sex World

Half Erect

Black Silk Stockings
Carnal Games
Happy Days
Her Coming Attractions
Hot Cookies
Skin Flicks
Take Off
The Love Couch
The Senator's Daughter
Waterpower

One-Quarter Erect

From Holly With Love
Nite Bird
The Joy of Fooling Around

Totally Limp

Daddy

BOOKS

Carnival in Rio

By Albert Goldman; photography by Douglas and Lena Villiers; Hawthorn Books, Inc.; \$19.95

In the Western world, just before the long fasting period of Lent, Christians have one last extravagant fling during which they set aside all restraints of law and morality. In New Orleans they call this festival Mardi Gras (fat Tuesday). At the same time, Germans celebrate *Fasching* and Italians revel at *Carnevale*. But the biggest knockdown blast of all is Rio de Janeiro's Carnival—four days of dancing, riotous boozing and sexual frenzy—which is the subject of this beautifully illustrated book.

Carnival is an ancient Christian ritual, but its depravity and self-indulgence are as pagan as a Tijuana floorshow. At heart, Carnival is a topsy-turvy shindig that offers Brazilians an excuse to paint their bodies and deck themselves out in outlandish costumes. The white upperclass usually wear the disguises of whores and transvestites, while the blacks go in for more brilliant

'Carnival': Some people dress up, while some people dress down.



'Carnival': A pre-Lent fling of extravagance and decadence.

plumage, as they dance to the incessant rhythms of the samba and dream of being chosen that year's "King of Carnival" or "Girl From Ipanema."

But there's a darker side to this fantasy; such lavish excesses breed violence. The 1976 Carnival produced 130 dead bodies—including 71 murder victims—and almost 10,000 injuries. In fact, says author Albert Goldman, "the deeper one penetrates the soul of Carnival, the more one encounters the specter of death."

The Villiers have compiled more than 70 color (including infrared) photos of Rio revelers. Though a few of these people seem to be having a grand old time, the overall mood within the photos is one of decadent exhaustion. The city and Carnival seem to be balanced on the jagged edge of a seedy, surreal dream. —Jim Dawson

The Death Freak

By John Luckless (Clifford Irving and Herbert Burkholz); Summit Books; \$8.95

Clifford Irving and Herbert Burkholz have teamed up under the pseudonym of John Luckless to create what should be the ultimate in "super-spy" thrillers. After all, their story has every necessary ingredient.

Take two top espionage agents, one from the CIA and another from the Soviet KGB, both experts in their field—the making of UKDs (unusual killing devices). Give them a common mission: Both have decided to retire, but realize they know too much and will be eliminated if they try to escape. The only out for them is to kill off all their superiors.

Next, add a beautiful heroine (the willing recipient of the

amorous efforts of both men), move the action from the Kremlin to Mexico City to the tropics—and you've got a real slam-bang, killer-diller adventure yarn, right? Wrong.

What "John Luckless" has done here is to follow the classic adventure-suspense formula down to a T. And the result is an utterly commonplace piece of fluff. *The Death Freak* is a cheesy, silly piece of crap that doesn't even make for good reading on the toilet.

Eddie Mancuso is the weary American agent. Vasily Borgneff is his Soviet counterpart. Their common enemy is CYBER, a computer that can (theoretically) constantly one-up them. The rest of the characters are as predictable as their names.

Chalice is the lustful, kill-hungry mistress who provides the mandatory sex scenes in the book. Colonel Fist is the ruthless head of the KGB. Thomas Crowfoot, a wily old Indian chief, is Mancuso's superior. The UKDs (which should stand for "unimaginative killing devices") consist of such items as exploding carpet tacks, flame-spouting cigarette lighters and a camera that shoots poison darts—gadgets not even fit for the worst of the James Bond series. The authors borrowed wholesale from Ian Fleming, and didn't much care about concealing their efforts.

The characters here are thinly sketched, the dialogue is on a par with the stuff we used to get on *Dragnet*, and the story line moves ploddingly along until the Big Finale—the eventual showdown between the two agents, a confrontation that one can see coming all the way from Page 3.

Evidently, the authors weren't really too serious about this pseudonym business either, as their real names are printed in boldface on the dust jacket. They knew that drive like this would only sell on the strength of their names. The only trick they missed was including accolades such as "boldly executed" and "gripping suspense"—excerpted from reviews by "critics" Rex Reed and others, who periodically rave about pieces of shit like this one. —Stuart Goldman



The Brooke Book

By Brooke Shields; Pocket Books; \$3.95

In America, where aging is considered to be the modern Black Plague, the newest sex symbol is 13-year-old Brooke Shields, who, at last report, was waiting to have her first period. "I don't know whether to suck my thumb or date boys," she recently quipped with prepubescent candor. When asked what "good in bed" meant to her, Brooke described it as being "propped up with lots of pillows watching TV and my mom brings me soup—that's good in bed."

All very sweet. Yet it was this same little Brooke who, at the instigation of her ambitious stage mother, posed nude at age nine and made her first R-rated film at 12. As a child prostitute in *Pretty Baby*, she flashed her schoolgirl buns and lisped, "I

can feel the steam coming through my dress." There wasn't a dry pedophile in the house.

The Brooke Book contains a selection of apparently innocent photos of this moppet, from babyhood through age 12. Most of them, however, are more recent pictures, glossed with the soft-core skill of Madison Avenue's most famous photographers.

Brooke has the body of an angel and the face of a sophisticated beauty, but frankly *The Brooke Book* sucks. It's simply another piece of fluff designed to sell a personality famous for nothing more than being well-known. Unless you're a pimply-faced kid or a dirty old man with an eye for jailbait, this book is just a waste of your time and money.—J. D.

The New Vegetarian

By Gary Null with Steve Null; William Morrow & Co., Inc.; \$8.95

Don't let the title of this one put you off. *The New Vegetarian* is an information-packed account of how the expensive, inefficient, heavily poisoned and meat-centered American

diet is quietly killing us all!

Protein is necessary because nothing else repairs worn-out tissue and builds new tissue. But, says Gary Null, the average American ingests 10 to 12 percent more protein than he can use, and loads himself down with excess organic compounds that literally become just so much shit. When extra protein is converted to glucose (a carbohydrate) and burned for energy, the required metabolism puts a strain on the body's water supply.

Most of our protein comes from animal meat. Eggs, milk and fish are all more efficient protein sources. But Americans could give a fuck. As a mere 7 percent of the world's population, we manage to hog down 30 percent of the world's meat protein.

Null, a young author of more than 20 books on health, doesn't want to take away our meat. He simply insists that we need more vegetables in our diet—both for all-round nutrition and for protein. For example, high-protein legumes like soybeans, in combination with certain other foods, provide almost as much protein as does meat. And they're more economical. An acre of land planted in soybeans can pro-

duce ten times as much protein as the same acre given over to animal grazing.

Meat has become undesirable for other reasons too. In some states lax regulations allow meat and meat products to contain up to 50 percent fat. Also, meat processors may press water into their product; at least 10 percent of your meat bill goes for federally inspected water. And then there are the poisons in meat—pesticides, herbicides, pollution residues and food additives. Meat consumption, says Null, is one of the major reasons that Americans are far down on the World Health Organization's list of healthy people.

Null's book is loaded with jolting facts. There are 485 food chemicals that, according to federal law, do not have to be listed on food labels. More antibiotics are now used by farmers than by doctors because of the cramped and unhealthy conditions under which most animals are raised; farmers feed their livestock steady doses of tranquilizers to pacify them, and these also increase the animals' fat content. The chemicals eventually end up in our bodies, poisoning us, building immunity to antibiotics and turning us into junkies. The numerous preservatives used in foods, particularly in meats, have reached such a high level in our bodies that American corpses actually take longer to decompose than they did 20 years ago.

The New Vegetarian also blows the whistle on Agribusiness, a multi-billion-dollar empire that is far more sinister than the CIA or the oil cartel. It demands a large price from us—"middlemen" get 63¢ of every food dollar, and \$200 of the average family's annual food budget goes for food packaging. What's more, Null cautions us, the Food and Drug Administration is on Agribusiness's side, not the consumer's.

If you care about your health, you might want to take a look at *The New Vegetarian*. Null's easy-to-follow book will probably scare the excess protein out of your system. And it will tell you the cheapest source of protein available today: peanut butter!—J. D.



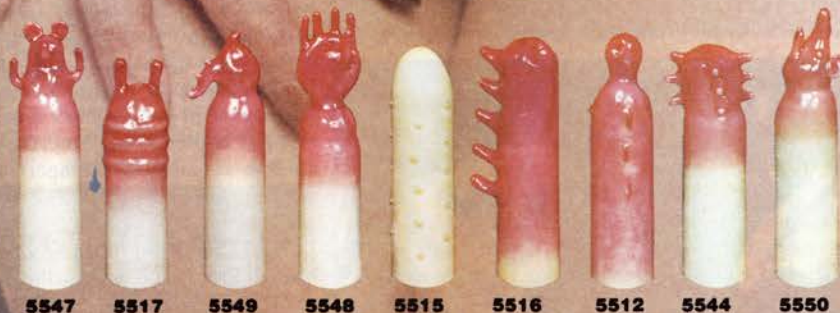
"The Brooke Book": A chronicle of the ambitious exploitation of an innocent's sexuality and beauty. The book is for pimply-faced kids.



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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 22)

doing a “dorsal slit” operation on my uncircumcised penis in order to give it more flexibility. But it looks strange, and I began to get self-conscious about it. I even refrained from sex the last four months I was free. It bothers me so much that I really fear failing once I get back in circulation again. My buddies suggest I go to a prostitute when I get out, but I don't think that will help my self-confidence. I plan to go back to the doctor to have the circumcision completed. But I was wondering if a sex surrogate would be the answer for my psychological problem. —J. K., Menard, Illinois.

You're being a bit premature. It is possible that your psychological problem will be solved with a wave of a surgeon's blade. The slit that your doctor made along the topside of your penis was done evidently to relieve the pressure of a foreskin that would not easily pull back from the head of the penis. It's a normal operation and is usually considered temporary. Most men later elect to complete the circumcision.

Phimosis, a too-tight foreskin, now seems to be just about the only medical problem that calls for circumcision. (Today circumcision is seen as “ritual mutilation” for the most part; even the idea that uncircumcised men have a higher rate of cancer of the penis has been statistically questioned. Then, too, why should it be assumed that a boy won't be able to learn how to properly clean smegma out from under the foreskin?)

If you still have a problem with your sexual self-confidence, a licensed sex therapist should be able to help you. Do check credentials. The person you go to should be a psychologist, psychiatrist or M.D., and should, ideally, be licensed as a sex therapist by the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists. You should take these precautions because the use of sex surrogates and many similar forms of sex therapy are still in the experimental stage.

Casting Couch: My wife and I want to have a film made of the two of us having sex. We feel it would help us enjoy our sex life more as the years go on. Do you know of any porn filmmakers in the East who would oblige us? —T. M., Cheswold, Delaware.

The state of the art in photography being what it is today, you needn't depend on a professional filmmaker. Polaroid offers home-movie cameras with film that develops automatically. And with some forms of home video-cassette recording equipment you can plug a camera into the recorder (instead of your TV) and make a tape of your performance. Tape is supposedly a cheaper method because of the higher cost-per-minute of film and because you can erase the tape and reuse it. A tripod setup solves the problem of getting a third person to hold the camera. And with a cassette system you can buy other porn movies, to compare the pros' techniques with your own.

If you want to get paid for your performance, however, you'll have to check with modeling agencies in New York City.

SEXPLAY

by Jack Owen Jardine

My friend Alex has one of the world's ugliest cocks. While cocks can sometimes be regarded as "cute" by sweet young things who get off on grotesqueries, Alex's is not just peculiar-looking; it's downright repulsive, as if it had been nibbled on by piranhas. Apparently the doctor who circumcised him had the DTs and butchered him. Although plastic surgery holds some hope for Alex, it's still a good bet that my friend will prefer to fuck with the lights off for the rest of his life.

Bill's cock is too short, John's is too long, Bert just lost his to a jealous husband whose wife immediately packed it in ice and rushed it to the hospital with him, and Jude was born without one. Which of these four men gets his fixed?

All of them—thanks to recent advances in plastic surgery. They're doing marvelous things with microsurgery these days at Temple University Hospital in Philadelphia. There, surgeons reattached a 23-year-old man's penis and one testicle after he had castrated himself with a broken bottle and a knife following a breakup with his girlfriend. "We have sensation, function and tests to prove it," the doctors claim.

A 30-year-old man in Carmichael, California, born without testicles, had led an active sex life but had, in the words of his physician, "produced exceptionally high levels of female hormones, and required weekly injections of the male hormone testosterone to stabilize his mood and maintain secondary sex characteristics" (such as beard growth). Wanting to father children, the man decided on a transplant. With a testicle donated by his twin brother, the man is now fertile, with a normal sperm count and a good beard.

But how about the dude who's lost a testicle and only wants to look normal? Artificial balls, made from surgically inert silicone, are standard equipment today in the urological surgeon's bag of

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



COSMETIC COCK SURGERY

tricks. Adding a testicle costs about \$350, of which amount \$100 is for the silastic prosthesis (which resembles a golf ball without the cover), and the balance for the surgeon's fee. The procedure itself is so simple that it could be performed in the doctor's office, but today's climate of malpractice suits encourages most surgeons to do everything—no matter how routine—in the hospital.

"We have learned to practice defensive medicine," says Dr. Julius Winer, a Los Angeles urologist who specializes in genital modifications and alterations. Winer, chief of male fertility at UCLA, is a pioneer in microsurgery.

In the main there are two types of men who seek plastic surgery on their cocks: (a) those who think their penises are abnormal or unattractive, some of whom have been unkindly cut during a circumcision, and (b) those who feel their pricks are too short. Most men in the first category are homosexuals, Winer reports. "They're a very interesting and difficult group of people—difficult because anything less than perfection is seen as failure. They're very meticulous individuals. Even a simple circumcision can turn into a major project. Some may even want a scalloped edge."

"Can you make a short penis longer?" I asked Dr. Winer, imagining a cross between Johnny "The Wadd" Holmes and Frankenstein's monster.

"No," he said, "but I can make it *look* longer." His technique, it turns out, is to disconnect the base of the shaft and move it forward, thus making the patient's cock stick out an inch or so farther without actually lengthening the penile tissues themselves. (Only once in his career was Winer called upon to shorten a penis, which he did by taking a tuck in the suspensory ligament above it.)

Liquid silicone is sometimes injected into the penis to add to its girth, but it is

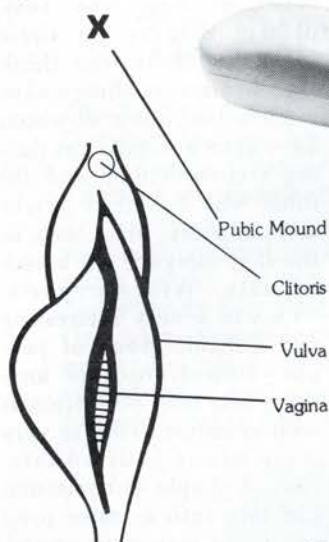
dangerous and many patients have complained of lumpy and oddly shaped cocks a couple of years after such injections, because the injected material sometimes refuses to stay put. "Even the better materials used in Japan tend to migrate from the injection site," Dr. Winer says. Removing the hardened silicone is difficult and frequently impossible.

Relatively few genital operations are performed for looks alone. At St. Louis University, urologist Abraham S. Hawatmeh has developed a technique for penile-bypass surgery to correct impotence caused by vascular deficiency. Four years earlier Dr. Harry H. LeVeen

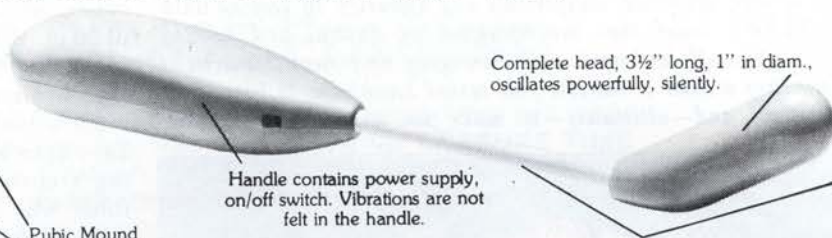
REACH ORGASM TOGETHER

Millions of women don't climax easily during intercourse.

Now there is a way to help her "let go" when you do . . . and do it again and again.



Clitoral stimulation is essential to full climax. Relative positions of vagina & clitoris illustrate how unlikely clitoral stimulation is during normal intercourse.



Flexible wand connects silent oscillating to power supply, allowing easy access to any part of the body. The harder you press the head against the body, bending the wand, the more intense the stimulation. Wand & head completely sealed & washable.

FEMALE ORGASM is not something that just came up with women's Lib. Even prudish Victorian women divided themselves into two groups: those who enjoyed sex and those who endured it. But sexual awareness has come a long way. "Every Woman Can" is the title of a book, and Abigail Van Buren tells us, "There are no frigid women . . . only clumsy men."

Unfortunately, Nature has played us some cruel tricks. She put woman's organ of climax, the clitoris, in a spot where it gets virtually no stimulation during the actual act of coitus, and she gave woman a response time far longer than man's. Conversely, man's most sensitive zone, the corona or "head," is right out on the firing line where it can go off on short notice.

Biologically, we're a mess! Our sex organs were designed to make babies, but our minds have learned to seek pleasure. The result is millions of unsatisfied women and an equal number of guilt ridden men.

Of course, most men know how to bring a woman to climax through stimulation of the clitoris. But if this is something you do *after* she fails to "make it" or if you have to delay your insertion until after her orgasm, natural spontaneity is disturbed and neither of you achieve your full potential.

The Orgo Stimulator was invented to help you overcome the time lapse between your orgasm and hers. It is not a vibrator (the high frequency "buzz" of a vibrator actually tends to numb rather than stimulate), but a powerful oscillating massager.

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The head of the Orgo Stimulator was not designed to be inserted. It is not a penis substitute nor a masturbation device. Rather, *the two of you use it lovingly together* to help you reach climax together.

During foreplay you use it to stimulate all parts of each other's body. As arousal grows, use the Orgo closer to *her* erogenous zones. Many women find that by placing the silent oscillating head *on the pubic mound*, pressing down hard enough to bend the wand, pulsations are carried through the pubic bone to the clitoris and can actually

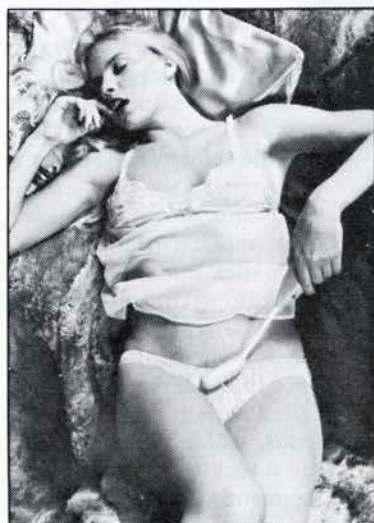
bring on orgasm *with no other stimulation*. If it is held in this position by the two of you *during* copulation her climax can be more satisfying and complete than any she has ever known.

CAN A MAN USE IT, TOO?

Yes, you can get great pleasure from the Orgo Stimulator, just as your mate does. If she will press the silent oscillating head between your buttocks on the flesh area behind the genitals for a minute or so just before your climax, the intensity and completeness of your orgasm can exceed any previously experienced. This results from topical stimulation of the prostate gland, producing a sensation so enjoyable you may not want her to stop, *ever*. So some couples ultimately buy *two* Orgo Stimulators, allowing each partner to give continuous and loving stimulation to the other during foreplay and intercourse.

OUR NO-RISK 30-DAY GUARANTEE.

You'll both feel more relaxed and aroused during lovemaking knowing that your partner is reaching the ultimate in satisfaction. So we don't hesitate to make this unusual guarantee: Use and enjoy the Orgo Stimulator for a full month, then *ask each other* if you should keep it. If either of you says no, return it for a full refund of the purchase price.



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performed a similar procedure on a number of patients, but abandoned it when they subsequently complained of priapism—perpetual hard-on. Dr. Hawatmeh's procedure overcomes this drawback.

The opposite problem—not being able to make the cock hard—plagues millions of males. The majority of these cases are psychologically based, and most of the men respond to sensory training and psychotherapy. Of the rest, some have vascular deficiencies, some have damaged nerves, some can't get it up because of high-blood-pressure medication, etc.

For those with a serious problem there are two surgical options. The first is a silicone-rod implant, which gives the patient his choice of three conditions—rigid, semirigid or flexible. The second option is insertion of an inflatable prosthesis. A rigid prosthesis can be installed for about \$500 to \$700, while semirigid and inflatables can run \$3,000 to \$4,000.

Dr. F. Brantley Scott, currently practicing at Baylor University Hospital in Houston, is the man who invented the inflatable prosthesis. Normally the penis becomes erect because the erectile tissue, in three long spongy sacks occupying the shaft, fills with blood when a man is sexually excited. During this time the vein through which the blood would normally exit is closed off. Dr. Scott's invention works on the same principle, except it's not blood that's involved. Something resembling *brake fluid* is pumped into an implanted flexible tube running the length of the penis. As the fluid fills it, the tube becomes rigid. The pump, located in the scrotum next to the testicles, is squeezed several times through the skin to pump up an erection. Next to the pump is a valve that can be operated to drain the tube and allow the penis to detumescence (go soft). The fluid empties into a reservoir inside the man's body.

While researching this article, I met a man born without a penis who subsequently had one constructed from his own skin. He spent the first 32 years of his life as a woman, with all the components normal women are born with, but with the personality of a bull dyke. So Judy took hormones and underwent four surgical procedures within a year's time, and emerged as Jude: minus womanly tits, plus manly cock and balls. Six years later Jude is now living in what he terms "a normal heterosexual relationship" with the woman he loves, and claims he gets more fun out of sex than he ever did as a woman.

Jude Patton's penis was made from a strip of abdominal skin and tissue that surgeons at Stanford Medical Center formed into a tube, then wrapped in barber-pole fashion with strips of skin from his thigh. The tube was left attached at both ends until it was healed. Then the end nearest his navel was gradually tied off, with Jude himself tightening the tourniquet for a few minutes at a time (at first), then for an hour or so, until the tube learned to get its entire blood supply from the lower end, which was rooted in his pubic hair. All this time Jude still had a vagina, labia, clitoris and uterus, so he was still officially a female. But he also had a full beard, spoke in a "male" voice and had already had his breasts reduced.

By the time Jude was "finished," his uterus and ovaries had been removed, his vagina had been sewn shut, and his labia had been fused together to form a scrotum that now holds two artificial testicles. Thanks to the scar tissue, he has a permanent semi-erection, which he supports in a jockstrap.

Cosmetically, his cock is a bit disappointing, he admits, but it does nearly everything he wants it to. It's sensitive to pressure but not to touch, and is therefore vulnerable to injuries a normal male would notice instantly, such as burns from falling cigarette ashes, etc.

In Galveston, at the University of Texas Medical School, Dr. Paul Walker heads a team trying to develop a very convincing-looking artificial penis that will be made from rubber and plastic derivatives and that, Dr. Walker says, "can go from a flaccid to an erect state with a minimum of mechanical parts. We're trying one that's bendable so it can be squeezed down into a small, unobtrusive shape and bent back up into an erection suitable for intercourse. The important part is that it will be very convincing-looking—created by a medical sculptor so it'll look exactly like body tissue. It'll be very hard to tell the difference."

Testing is still under way. Much farther away, in the realm of science fiction, is the bionic penis, which would be connected to nerves, muscles and blood vessels, and operated by changes in blood pressure, just like the real thing.

"One of these days, but not yet," Dr. Walker says.

Such a device need not be limited to duplicating the normal appearance and feel of a real penis, but might also contain a vibrator, hot and cold running jism, radio, heater or even an optional revolving head.

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The Gemstone

6

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Rob Tesson

File: JFK's Killers Revealed

By Bruce Roberts

This magazine has an abiding interest in shedding light on those concerts of evil that are known by the name of conspiracies. It is not just because our publisher was shot down by an unknown gunman in a small Southern town and will bear the physical evidence of that cowardly act for too long. Unseen fingers, pulling unspottable triggers, with silent eyes framing invisible cross hairs, are not strangers to those in public life in this country. The forces of evil that foster such things are far too evident to be a



figment of the paranoid imagination. There are conspiracies; just ask Jimmy Hoffa's son or Medgar Evers's brother or any member of the Kennedy family. Or you could ask Larry or Althea Flynt.

Throughout history, whenever new voices become powerful and commanding, there is a traceable pattern of violent response. Whether from the right or the left there is a stealthy, savage reaction, like a shaft of ram-rod steel. From Jesus Christ to Chile's Salvador Allende, the markings are clear. Action calls forth reaction, and nowhere is this more clear than in the savage history of our own country: Abraham Lincoln, Huey Long, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Robert Kennedy and all the others whose cries for justice have been stilled by the staccato burst of the gun. These are the facts of our political life. Sudden death is not just an overtime in professional football.

The article that follows, *The Gemstone File*—a condensation of a thousand-page manuscript—may be considered by many to be a work of madness. But remember, through the ages all innovative work of genius has been thought to be the product of insanity. One need only reflect on the spectacle of Galileo recanting before the Church. It was madness—they said—for him to advance the notion that the earth moved around the sun. And they were right: It was madness, even though he was correct. The astronomer's thinking was madness because

it upset the settled scheme of things and could not be demonstrably proven for all to see. For that reason, Galileo's idea had to be dismissed and done away with—perhaps, just like *The Gemstone File*.

No doubt reasonable men will say that the factual assertions of *The Gemstone File* are simply preposterous—because they go too far and encompass too much. That may be true, but it should never be overlooked that the hellish vision the article contains may well bear the germs of truth, virulent though they may be.

The author of this article is deceased. How he died is not known. What is known is that he was a man trained as a crystallographer who claimed to have stumbled onto dark and murky, but nonetheless discernible, interconnections between the aberrant world of Howard Hughes, the Mafia, the Central Intelligence Agency and the United States government.

He claimed that through his inventions in the field of artificial-gemstone technology (the cornerstone of laser-beam application) he had penetrated into the heart of the beast: that he became privy to worlds that can just barely be imagined, let alone glimpsed by ordinary mortals. His wisdom (if such it was) led, he claimed, to the death of his father at the hands of these malignant forces.

His name was Bruce Roberts. In the 1950s he lived in the Sunset District of San Francisco and began to preach to all who

would listen about the evil conspiracies he had discovered. This was well before the madness that eventually took place in Dealey Plaza and in Vietnam.

You, then, will be the judge of Roberts's jarring legacy. Is there a connection between the deaths of popes and the flow of oil and heroin? Do the forces that applaud death and disintegration over life and human progress really exist? And do they take the forms Roberts postulates? Is this an incredible web of paranoid lunacy or a searing glimpse into the fourth dimension of history?

We do not presume to judge the material that follows—material we have obtained as a result of our advertisements calling for information about the JFK assassination. Nor do we intend to maliciously cast ill will toward anyone by publishing this article. We consider only this: *The Gemstone File* is a cry that needs to be heard. Whether or not your ears are deaf is a matter for you alone to decide.—John G. Clancy

1932: Aristotle Onassis, a Greek drug pusher and shipowner who made his first million selling "Turkish tobacco" (opium) in Argentina, works out a profitable deal with Joseph P. Kennedy, Eugene Meyer and Meyer Lansky. Onassis is to ship booze directly into Boston for Joseph Kennedy. Also involved is a heroin deal with Franklin D. Roosevelt.

1934: Onassis, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the Seven Sisters (major oil companies) sign an agreement: Fuck the Arabs out of their oil, transport it on Onassis's ships and get richer. All of this is done.

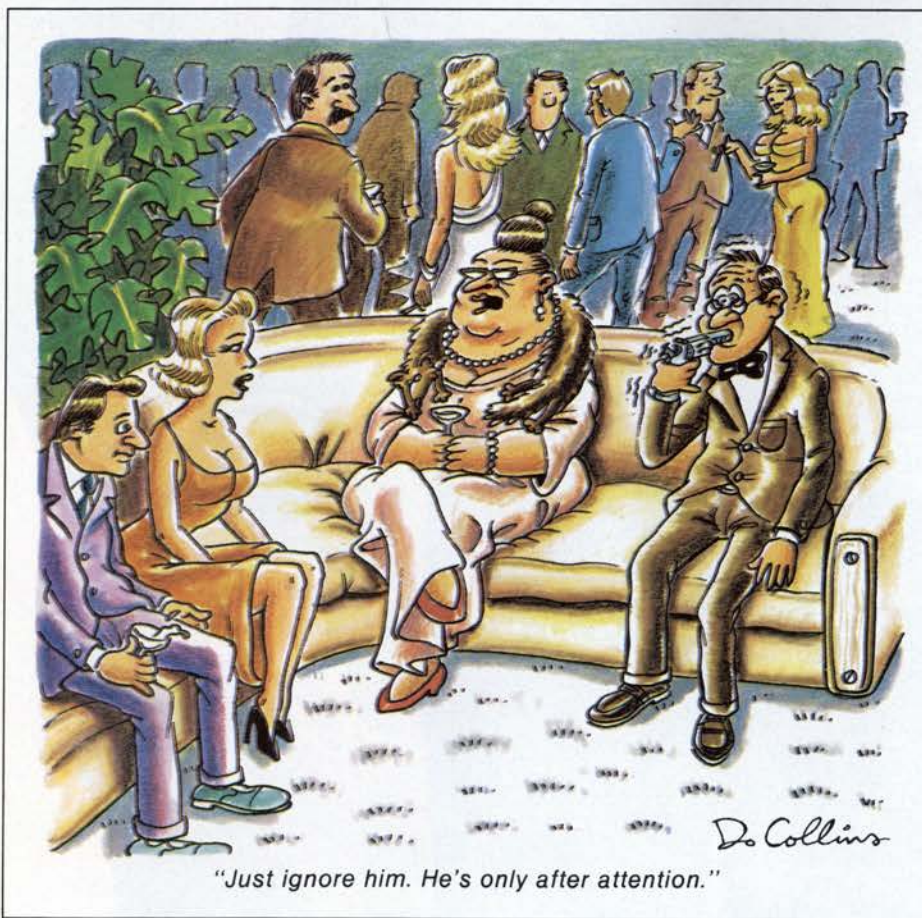
1936-1940: Eugene Meyer buys the *Washington Post*, to get control of the news media; other Mafia figures buy newspapers, radio stations, etc. News censorship of all major media goes into effect.

1941-1945: World War II. Very profitable for Onassis and the Rockefellers, Kennedys and Roosevelts. Onassis—selling oil, arms and dope to both sides—goes through the war without losing a single ship or man.

1949: Onassis buys U.S. war-surplus Liberty Ships in questionable (illegal) purchases.

1956: Howard Hughes, Texas billionaire, is meanwhile buying his way toward control of the U.S. electoral process. He buys senators, governors, etc. He finally buys his last politician—re-elected Vice-President Richard Nixon, via a \$205,000 nonrepayable loan to Nixon's brother, Donald.

March 1957: Onassis carries out a carefully planned event: He has Hughes
(continued on page 44)



"Just ignore him. He's only after attention."

Wet
&
WANTON

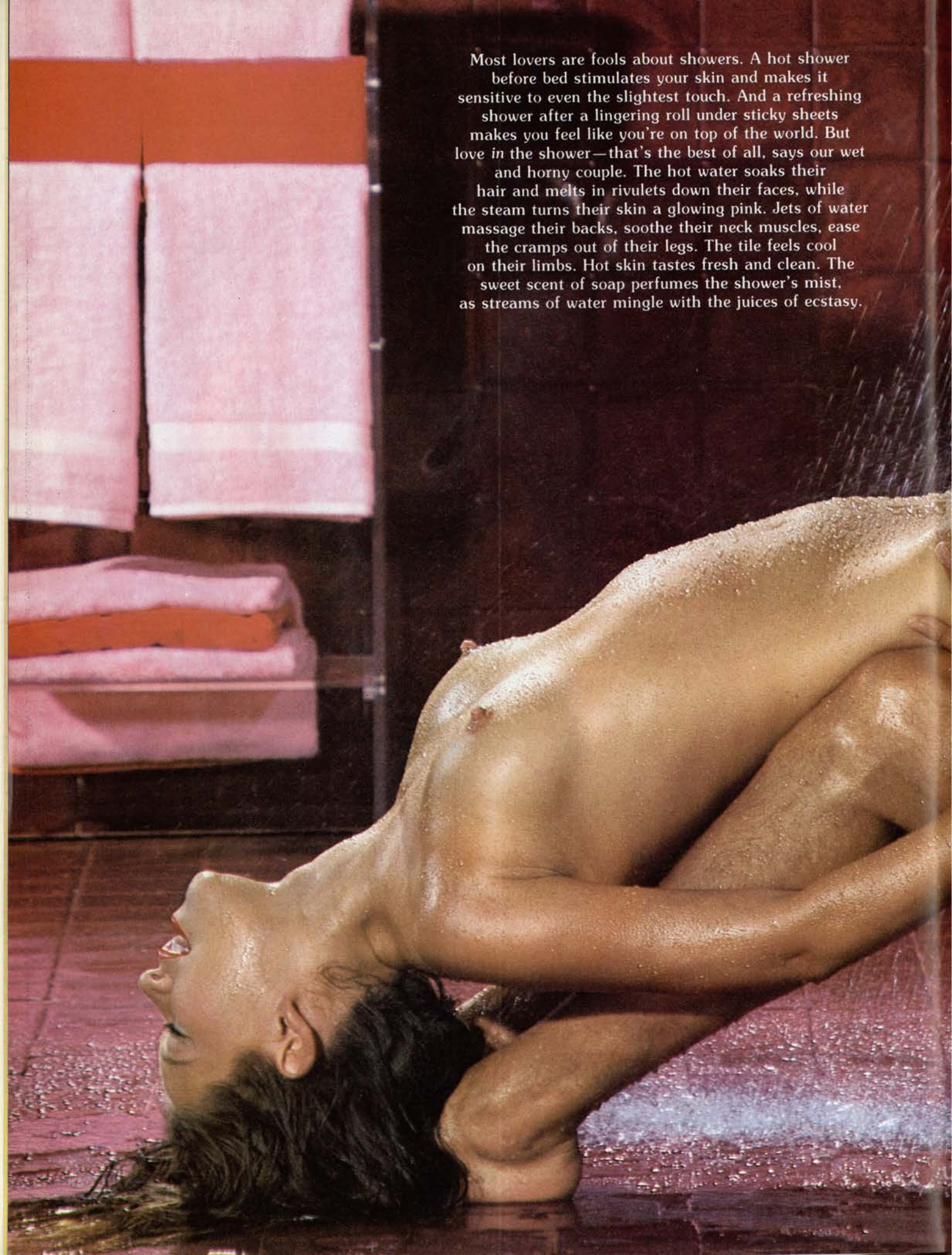


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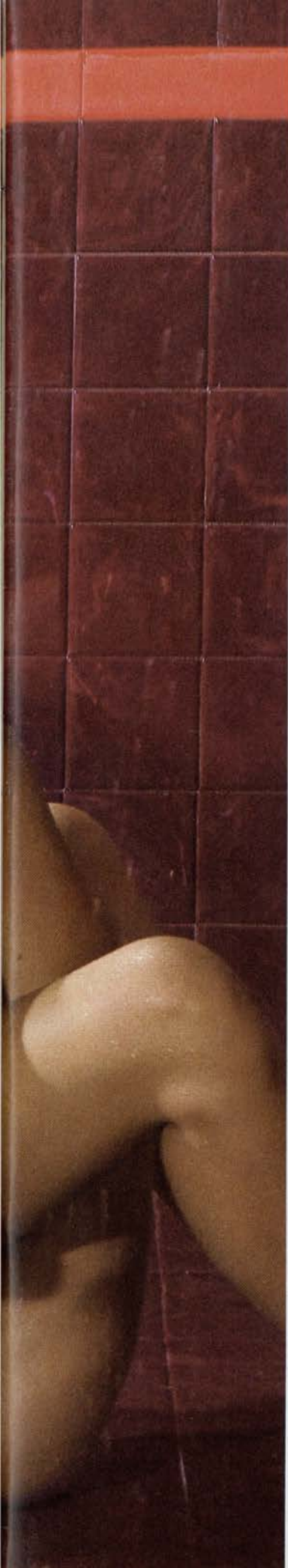


Most lovers are fools about showers. A hot shower before bed stimulates your skin and makes it sensitive to even the slightest touch. And a refreshing shower after a lingering roll under sticky sheets makes you feel like you're on top of the world. But love in the shower—that's the best of all, says our wet and horny couple. The hot water soaks their hair and melts in rivulets down their faces, while the steam turns their skin a glowing pink. Jets of water massage their backs, soothe their neck muscles, ease the cramps out of their legs. The tile feels cool on their limbs. Hot skin tastes fresh and clean. The sweet scent of soap perfumes the shower's mist, as streams of water mingle with the juices of ecstasy.

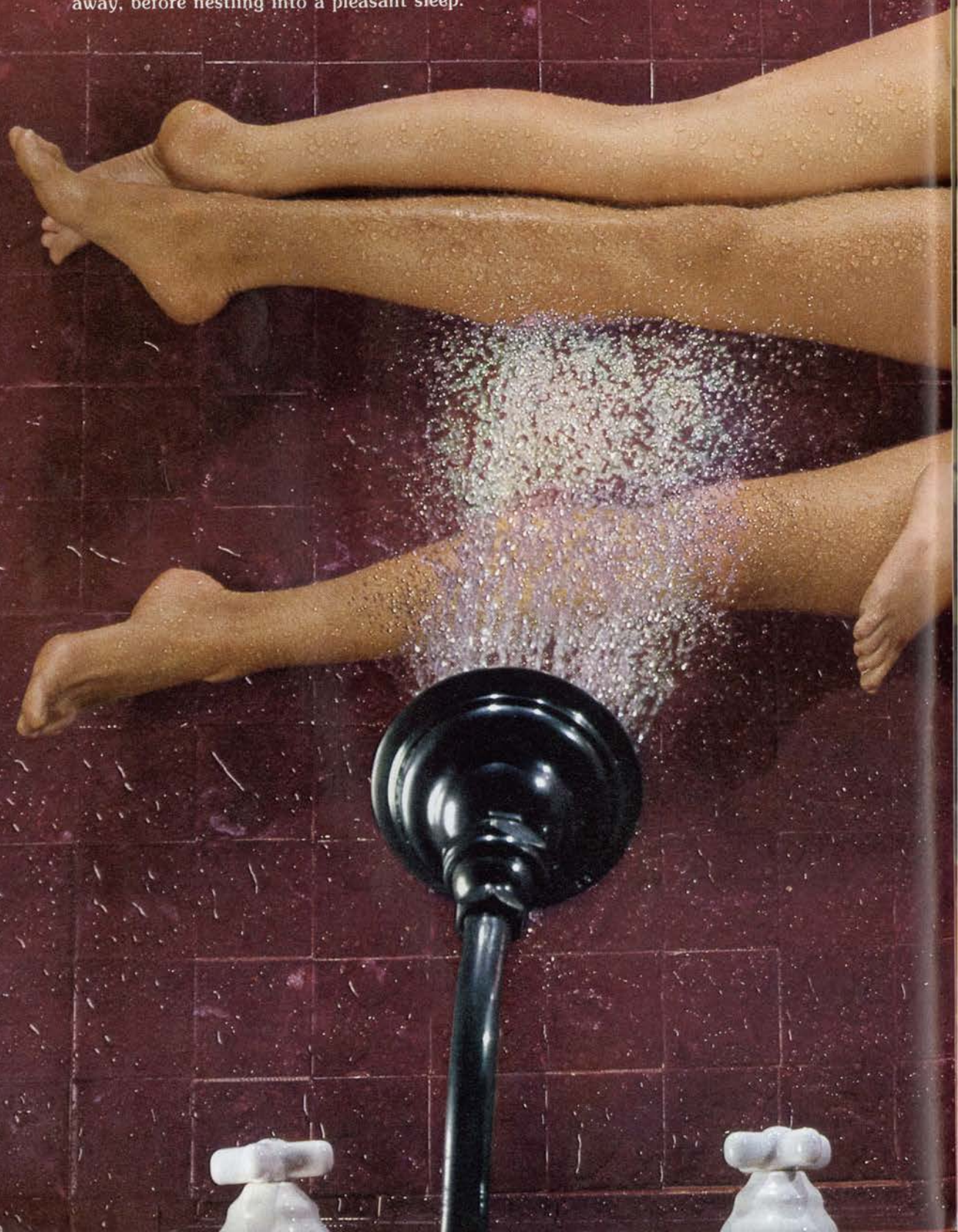


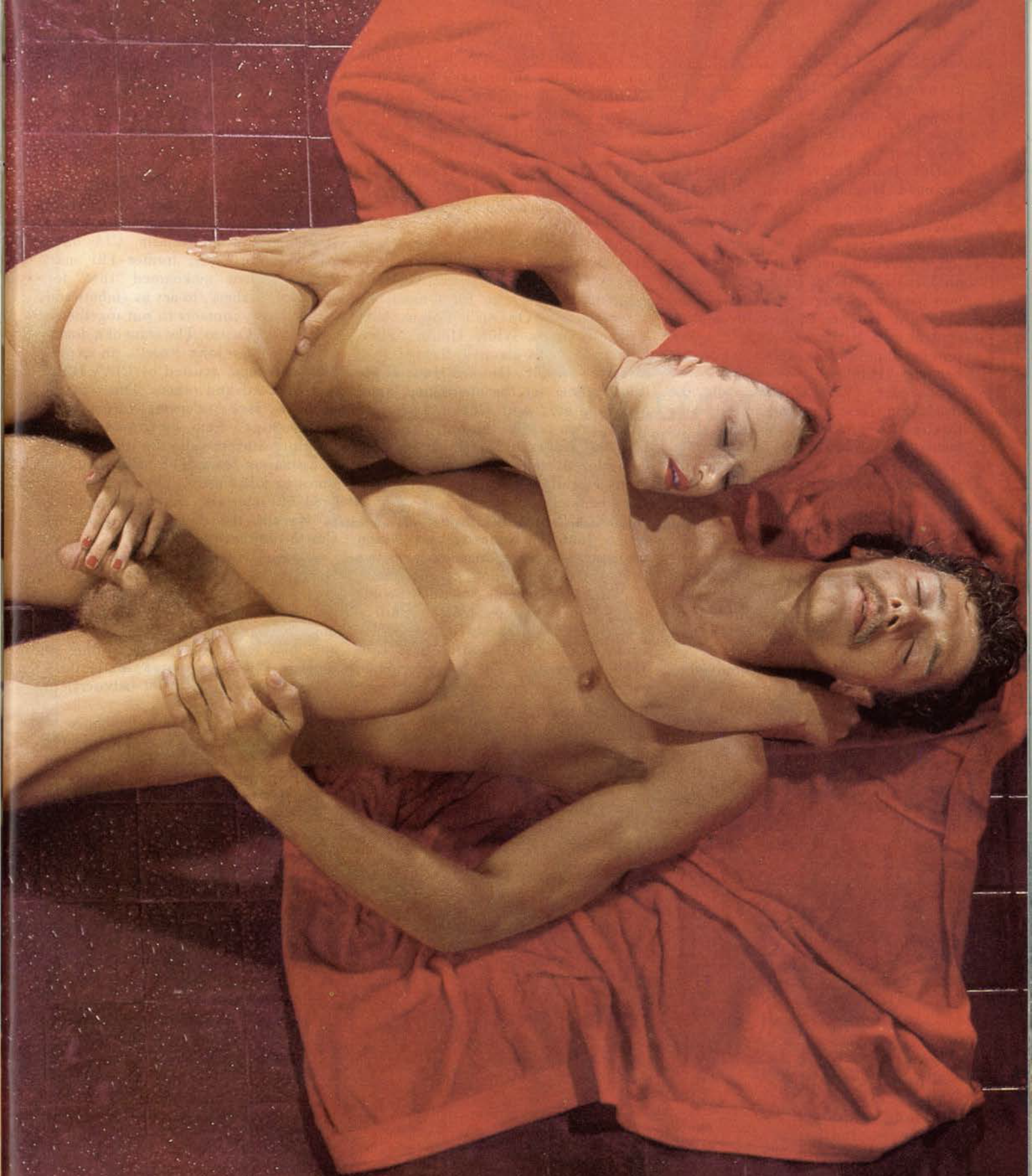






And when that special moment comes, it erupts
with all the force of water coursing through a nozzle,
then slowly drains in a swirl of joy and tenderness.
Now it's time to cool down the water and blow the steam
away, before nestling into a pleasant sleep.





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GEMSTONE FILE

(continued from page 34)

kidnapped from his bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel, using Hughes's own men. A fake marriage between starlet Jean Peters and Hughes is arranged. Hughes, battered and brain-damaged during the kidnapping, is taken to the Emerald Isle Hotel in the Bahamas. There he is shot full of heroin for 30 days and later dragged off to a cell on Onassis's island, Skorpios. Onassis now has a much larger power base in the U.S. (the Hughes empire), as well as control over Nixon and other Hughes-purchased politicians. A Hughes double becomes "Hughes."

September 1957: Onassis calls the Apalachin, New York, organized-crime meeting to announce to U.S. Mafia heads his grab of Hughes and his adoption of Hughes's game plan for acquiring power: buying U.S. senators, congressmen, governors and judges en masse to take control "legally" of the U.S. government. Onassis's radio message to Apalachin from a remote Pennsylvania farmhouse is intercepted (reluctantly) by the FBI's J. Edgar Hoover, on the basis of a tip from some Army Intelligence guys who aren't in on the plan.

Also 1957: Joe Kennedy takes his son,

John F., and John's wife Jackie to see Onassis on the shipowner's yacht, the *Christina*, to introduce John and to remind Onassis of an old Mafia promise: the Presidency for a Kennedy. Onassis agrees.

1958: Hordes of Mafia-selected, Mafia-purchased and Mafia-supported "grass roots" candidates sweep into office!

1959: Fidel Castro takes over Cuba from dictator Fulgencio Batista, thereby destroying the cozy and lucrative Mafia gambling empire run for Onassis by Meyer Lansky. Onassis is furious. V.P. Nixon becomes White House Action Officer for CIA-planned Bay of Pigs invasion, using E. Howard Hunt as political officer for the operation, James McCord, etc., and Cuban ex-Batista strong-arm cops (Cuban freedom fighters) Eugenio Martinez, Virgilio Gonzalez, as well as Frank Sturgis (alias Frank Fiorini), a gunrunner with a gambling background.

Also 1959: Stirring election battle between John F. Kennedy and Nixon begins. Either way, Onassis wins, since he has control over both candidates.

1960: JFK elected. American people happy. Onassis happy. Mafia ecstatic.

January 1961: Joseph Kennedy has a stroke, ending his control over sons John and Bobby. The boys decide to

rebel against Onassis's control. They arrest and jail Teamster Mafia-man Jimmy Hoffa and declare the \$73 million in Hughes land liens (deposited with San Francisco's Bank of America as security for the TWA judgment against Hughes) to be what they are: forgeries.

April 1961: CIA Bay of Pigs fiasco. Hunt, McCord, CIA, Batista's Cubans, Cuban exiles and Mafia angry about JFK's lack of enthusiasm. CIA hires Hughes's top aide, former FBI man Robert Maheu (nicknamed "IBM" for Iron Bob Maheu), to act as go-between for its Mafia contacts to put together a team to get Castro. The team of a dozen or so includes John Roselli, an expert Mafia hit man, assisted by CIA's Hunt and McCord and others. This was reported by Jack Anderson, who gets a lot of his "tips" from his friend, Frank (Fiorini) Sturgis—also on the Castro-assassination team. The team tries five times to kill Castro. They nearly succeed, but some are caught and executed in Havana the day of the invasion. Castro survives.

1963: Members of the anti-Castro Cuban-exile training team are arrested at Lake Pontchartrain, Louisiana, by Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department boys. Angered, Onassis changes targets and goes for JFK, who—according to Onassis—"welches" on a Mafia deal. JFK sets up Group of 40 (advisers) to fight Onassis.

August 1963: Two murders have to occur before the murder of JFK—people who could understand the situation and might squawk:

Senator Estes Kefauver, whose Crime Commission investigations had uncovered the 1932 Onassis deal. Kefauver plans a speech on the Senate floor denouncing Mafia operations. Instead, he eats a piece of apple pie laced with sodium morphate (allegedly a poison) and has a heart attack on the Senate floor.

Philip Graham, publisher of the *Washington Post*. Philip had married Katharine Meyer, Eugene Meyer's daughter. Phil puts together media empire as well as Kennedy-Johnson ticket, and is Kennedy's friend in the struggle with Onassis. According to Gemstone a psychiatrist is bribed to certify Phil insane. He is allowed out of the nuthouse for one weekend and dies of a shotgun wound in the head, in the Graham home in Washington; his death is ruled a "suicide."

November 1, 1963: The hit on JFK is supposed to take place in true Mafia style: a triple execution, at the same time as South Vietnam's Ngo Dinh

(continued on page 48)



"Besides, I don't think those acupuncture treatments are helping you any."

EXCLUSIVE!



ANGIE DICKINSON & WILLIAM SHATNER

BARE ALL IN BIG BAD MAMA

In 1974 a youthful middle-aged starlet named Angeline Brown Dickinson accepted the title role of Mama Wilma McClatchie in a crude crime-and-sexploitation potboiler called *Big Bad Mama*. The film was produced and directed by Roger "King of the B-Movies" Corman, whose career has been schizophrenically split between making Gothic horror movies (*The Raven*, *The Masque of the Red Death*)—at which he is quite adept—and more contemporary tales of drugs, lust and crime (*The Trip*, *Big Bad Mama*, *Bloody Mama*), at which he is execrably bad. Corman added William Shatner of *Star Trek* and Tom Skerritt to *Big Bad*



Mama as Angie's leading men, but to little avail. *Big Bad Mama* was, predictably, a drive-in-circuit flop, and was quickly pulled off the market by its distributor.

For the small audience that saw it, the reasons for *Big Bad Mama*'s failure were quickly apparent. The character portrayed by Ms. Dickinson is that of a high-spirited, highly sexed widow who packs up her wild teenage daughters during the Depression and enters the seemingly lucrative bank-robbery business. While these new career women are rampaging across the Texas Dust Bowl—"Hot Lead, Hot Cars, Hot Damn"—read the promo copy on the film's posters—they pause just long enough to pick up



two accomplices, Shatner and Skeritt, who soon find themselves taking turns in Mama's bed. Naturally, this slows down the gang's efficiency as righteous robbers, for while the girls are trying to keep their minds on quick withdrawals, the fellas seem preoccupied with slick deposits.

In the hope of upgrading these tawdry interactions to the level of social commentary, Corman used the recordings of Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger, two musical "pinkos" who first gained prominence as minstrels of the Depression. Guthrie and Seeger turn the soundtrack of the film into a regular Peace and Freedom Party of left-wing lyricism, but the sincerity of their ditties is no match for the soap-opera script and the pointlessness of the plot. Like *Bloody Mama* (starring Shelley Winters as Ma Barker), a film Corman made three years earlier, *Big Bad Mama* was a cheap rip-off of *Bonnie and Clyde*, and met the box-office fate it deserved.

When Angie Dickinson started her triumphant first season in NBC-TV's *Police Woman* later in 1974, she was probably as gratified by *Mama's* fate as was most of the film's audience. After all, ever since her unnoticeable entrance into the film industry in *Lucky Me* (1954), Angie had had her fill of playing bad women in bad movies. And some of them were *very* bad; remember *The Sins of Rachel Cade* (1961), *A Fever in the Blood* (1961), *The Art of Love* (1965) and *The Poppy Is Also a Flower* (1966)? And there would have been little purpose in recalling *Big Bad Mama*—or any of Angie's other clunkers—had not a surprising event occurred in January 1978.

After four years as the star of an immensely successful television series (in a role that had finally resurrected her career from the cinematic doldrums and established her name as a household word across the globe), Angie Dickinson held a press conference to get a few things off her chest. She opined as how she was fed up with all the obligatory "skin-shots" she was being asked to make every week for the tube, and proceeded to read the riot act to her producers about *Police Woman's* opening credits, during which, she alleged, the camera panned lingeringly down her body. And she came on like gangbusters to protest the show's "constant" bathroom scenes. "I hate to tell you what I say when I have to take a bath [on camera]," she grumbled to a *New York Post* reporter. "I don't like public baths or showers."

Now it just so happened that here at HUSTLER another resurrection had taken place—the discovery by one of our many roving free-lance smut-hounds of some torrid outtakes from *Big Bad Mama*, scenes that Corman no doubt had left on the cutting-room floor. We were as happy to find them as Angie, we are sure, was happy to make them. She's a good-looking woman with two previously concealed 38s that we're positive we *never* saw on *Police Woman*, bath or no bath.

As for her press conference, our comment is simply this: We grant every woman the right to be indignant... but why did her indignation come so late? Has success spoiled Angie Dickinson?



GEMSTONE FILE

(continued from page 44)

Diem and Ngo Dinh Nhu. Diem and Nhu get theirs, as scheduled. Onassis invites Jackie for a cruise on the *Christina*, where she is when JFK is tipped off that Big O plans to wipe him out. JFK calls Jackie from the White House, telling her "Get off that yacht, even if you have to swim," and cancels his appearance at a Chicago football stadium where the CIA-Mafia assassination team is poised for the kill. Jackie stays on board the *Christina*. Three weeks later the Mafia's backup and carefully arranged execution goes into effect: JFK is assassinated in Dallas.

The JFK Murder: Onassis's "Hughes" man reassigns the Mafia-CIA Castro-assassination team to the murder of JFK, adding Eugene Brading, a third Mafia gunslinger from the Denver Mafia Smaldones "family." Two months earlier Brading—on parole after a series of crimes—applied for a new driver's license, explaining to the California Department of Motor Vehicles that he had decided to change his name to Jim Braden. Brading gets his California parole officer's permission for two trips to Dallas, in November, on "oil business"—the first time to look things over, and the second time when JFK is

scheduled to make his Dallas trip.

Lee Harvey Oswald of the CIA, with carefully planted links to both the ultraright and the Communists, is designated the patsy. He is supposed to shoot at Texas Governor John Connally, and he does so. Each of the four gunmen—Oswald, Brading, Fratianno and Roselli—has a timer and a backup man. Timers give the signal to shoot. Backup men are supposed to pick up the spent shells and get rid of the guns.

Fratianno, considered an excellent shot, fires from a second-story window in the Dal-Tex Building, kitty-corner from the Texas School Book Depository. Fratianno and his backup man are "arrested," driven away from the Dal-Tex Building in a police car and released without being booked. (The Dallas Police Department was located in the Dal-Tex Building.)

From behind a fence in the grassy-knoll area, Roselli—armed with a rifle—gets Kennedy once, hitting the right side of the President's head and blowing his brains out. Roselli and his timer go down a manhole behind the fence and follow the sewer line away from Dealey Plaza.

The third point of the triangulated Kennedy ambush is supplied by Eugene Brading, shooting from Kennedy's left, from a small pagoda at Dealey Plaza,

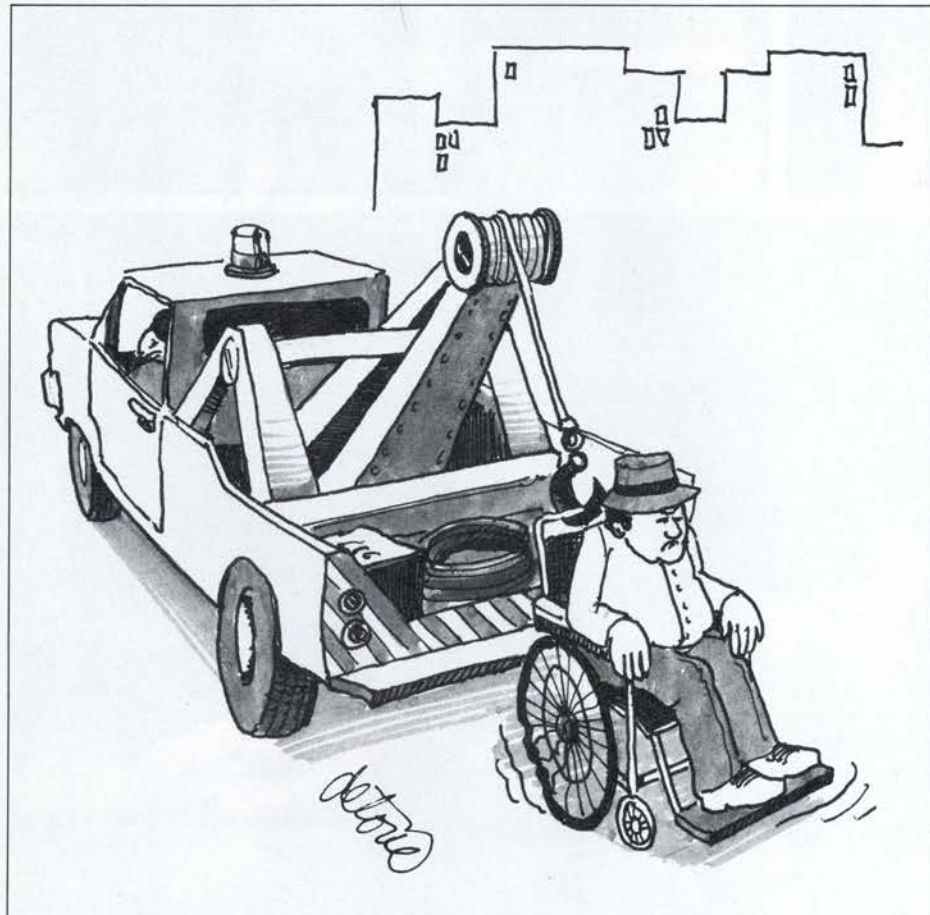
across the street from the grassy knoll. (Brading misses, because Roselli's and Fratianno's shots had just hit Kennedy in the head from the right and the rear, nearly simultaneously.)

Brading's shot hits the curb and ricochets off. Brading is photographed on the scene, stuffing his gun under his coat. He wears a big leather hat, its hatband marked with large, conspicuous X's. (Police had been instructed to let anyone with an X-marked hatband pass through police lines; some may have been told they were Secret Service.) After his shot Brading ditches his gun and walks up the street with his backup man toward the Dal-Tex Building. Roger Craig, a deputy sheriff, rushes up to Brading, assumes he is Secret Service and tells him he has just seen a man come out of the Book Depository and jump into a Rambler station wagon. Brading is uninterested. Brading walks into the Dal-Tex Building to make a phone call. He is picked up for questioning by another deputy sheriff, shows his "Jim Braden" driver's license and is quickly released—without being booked.

Oswald shoots Connally twice from the Texas School Book Depository. He splits through the front door. His backup man is supposed to take the rifle out of the building (or so Oswald thinks). Instead, he hides it behind some boxes where it will later be found. Three men dressed up as "tramps" pick up the spent shells from Dealey Plaza. Then they drift over to an empty boxcar sitting on the railway spur behind the grassy-knoll area and wait. A Dallas police officer orders two Dallas cops to "go over to the boxcar and pick up the tramps." The three tramps parade around Dealey Plaza to the Police Department in the Dal-Tex Building. They are held there until the alarm goes out to pick up Oswald; then they are released without being booked.

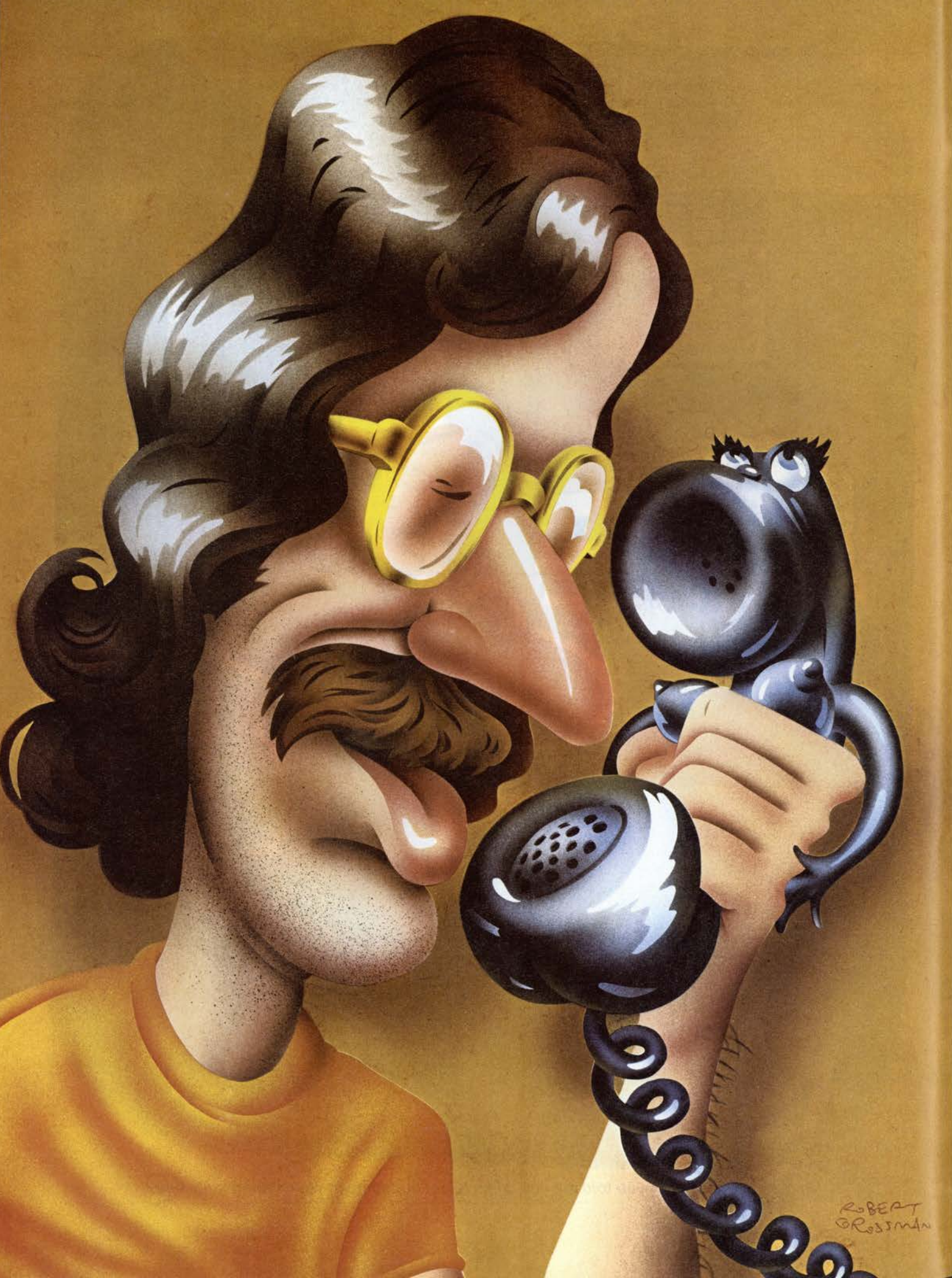
In all, ten men are questioned immediately after the shooting. All are released soon after; none is booked; not a word about their existence is mentioned in the Warren Commission Report. Regarding Lee Harvey Oswald: Officer J. D. Tippit is dispatched in his police car to the Oak Cliff section, where Oswald has rented a room. Tippit may have met Oswald on the street. He may have been supposed to kill Oswald, but something goes wrong. Tippit is shot by two men armed with revolvers. A witness, Domingo Benavides, uses Tippit's police-car radio to report "We've had a shooting here." (A "Domingo Benavides" also appears in

(continued on page 92)





"Remember, last night you told me you'd like to act out some of your sexual fantasies?"



ROBERT
ROSSMAN

Raping Ma Bell

CAPTAIN CRUNCH

**PROFILE BY
ZBIGNIEW KINDELA**

It's one o'clock in the morning, and I'm standing in the TWA arrival-departure hub of Los Angeles International Airport. I'm waiting to meet John Draper (known as Captain Crunch to his select group of peers), and I'm wearing a red HUSTLER T-shirt so he can spot me easily. I don't know what to expect. Off and on for several years I have followed Crunch's career as the nation's foremost rapist of Ma Bell—the telephone company—and I have this superhero image of him, an image cultivated by the media coverage he has received.

The 35-year-old Crunch is the creator of the "blue box," a device that allows its user to gain access to nearly all the telephone company's transmission equipment—simple lines, microwaves and even the communications satellites—as long as the user knows the proper codes. Crunch claims that given enough time, three such good blue boxes could tie up America's entire phone network in such a way that no calls can be placed. No one knows for sure if this is possible, but even so, cities—such as Santa Barbara, California—have been tied up for as much as an hour.

But then Captain Crunch usually knows what he is talking about. He knows more about the intricacies, idiosyncracies and secrets of the world's telephone system—information he has picked up without direct help from Ma Bell—than practically anyone else alive. Crunch is also one of the first Americans to have gone to prison because of what he knows. And he owes it, in part, to Cap'n Crunch, the breakfast cereal from Quaker Oats.

During the late '60s each box of Cap'n Crunch cereal contained a plastic toy whistle as an inducement to purchase the product. The note, or tone, produced by the whistle when it was properly blown into a phone receiver could get a toll-free call. When Denny, a blind "phone phreak" (the name adopted by those who secretly and illegally play with the telephone company's equipment) discovered the whistle's capability, he turned on his other blind friends. Then, in 1970, Denny gave John Draper the secret of the Cap'n Crunch whistle, christened him Captain Crunch and, in effect, gave birth to the first sighted phone phreak. In short order, Crunch was transformed into a wizard of telephony.

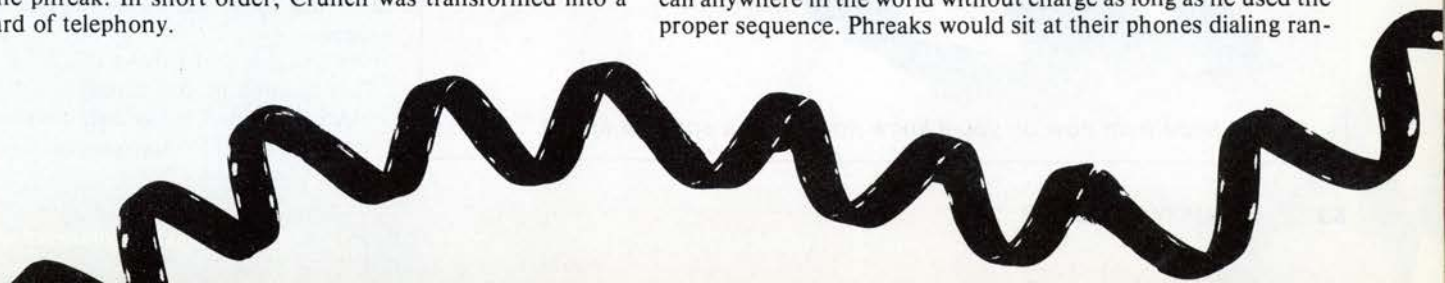
Until he was 12 years old, Captain Crunch lived amid the chicken farms of Petaluma, California. Long before he turned into a full-time phone phreak employing blue boxes and computers in search of "information" (or telephone-company codes allowing him access to specialized communication networks), Crunch showed a decided interest in science and math. While in England, where he spent several years with his Air Force family, he conducted his first experiments: At one point he converted a bicycle generator into one capable of producing 10,000 volts.

By the time he was ready to enter high school, the family had returned to the States. He enrolled in a high school in Vacaville, California, where—during the first month—he got into nearly 100 fights. He was harassed by the school thugs until he began lifting weights and developing his small frame. His senior year was spent at yet another high school—in San Jose this time—and it was here that his brilliance began to show. Crunch built a small radio transmitter, which he operated until a Federal Communications Commission agent shut it down.

Undaunted, Crunch continued his pirate-radio venture several years later while in the Air Force. Stationed as a radar technician in Alaska, Crunch built a 200-watt transmitter with a range of 450 miles. This time, however, he wasn't busted. "I got a call from the FCC monitoring station, saying they enjoyed my show and asking me not to use profanities," he says. "Up there nobody cares."

In 1970 he left the Air Force and got a job with a company that built radar systems. That same year he also picked up the Captain Crunch moniker and was on his way to becoming Phone Phreak Number One.

The cereal-box whistles were mere toys with limited capability, since they could produce only one tone, while the phone company's network relied on many tones and combinations thereof. One of the blind phone phreaks realized he could produce several tones on his small home organ by pushing the appropriate keys. All he had to do was play a particular sequence into the mouthpiece of the telephone, and he could call anywhere in the world without charge as long as he used the proper sequence. Phreaks would sit at their phones dialing ran-



dom numbers in sequence, listening to the various tones. When an unusual tone was reached, it was logged, and later, through a process of elimination, several codes were finally cracked.

Shortly, various phreaks were making tape recordings to play into phones or were giving the recordings to other phreaks, until it was routine procedure to call a pay phone at Waterloo Station in London, or to call South Africa for the correct time there. But the process had a long way to go. Based on information obtained from a phreak, Captain Crunch began designing a device that could duplicate all of the necessary tones. In due time he had built the first blue box. Its face contained tone buttons similar to those of a touchtone telephone. When this first blue box became a reality, the era of whistles, tapes and organs was over.

At one point organized crime found out about the blue boxes and asked one phreak to build a thousand devices for \$300,000. The Vegas Syndicate was going to use the boxes for placing bets undetected (and free of charge). It is this type of phone phreak that Crunch considers "the lowest scum in the phone-phreak community," largely because they don't follow the ethical standards set up by the "Top Ten Phreaks," as the best minds in the community are called.

These top ten seek only to acquire information, or more access codes, which they then share with one another. It was through such information that Crunch was able to call around the world clockwise and counterclockwise several times on one occasion, while on another he used two adjacent phones to call himself through Japan, India, Greece, South Africa, Brazil and New York City from San Francisco. It took his voice 20 seconds to complete the trip.

Then, in 1972, Crunch was turned into the FBI by two phone phreaks—"snitches" as he calls them. Charged with fraud by wire, he was fined \$1,000 and put on five years' probation. After having spent thousands of patient hours trying different combinations of phone numbers in order to find access codes, Crunch's telephone bill under the violation amounted to \$30.

And this is the hero of the underground telephone network I am to meet. His plane finally arrives, and amid a chorus of sheep bleatings from passengers and greeters alike, I spot what appears to be a human—though I am struck by the image of an anteater—gawking about. He is wearing a wrinkled Ban-Lon shirt, festering with fuzz balls. His wide-pin-striped pants—also wrinkled—ride at least three inches

above the tops of his scuffed ankle boots, while his socks (lacking any vestige of elastic) are rolled down, revealing vampire-white skin and sparse patches of black hair. I know it's Captain Crunch.

I suddenly realize I don't want to meet him. Should I grab the first female to walk by as if I'm there waiting for her? But it's too late. He spots my HUSTLER T-shirt, and his hand—with index finger extended—shoots upward. He lopes over, as the other hand holds a portable radio to his ear.

"I picked up a great pirate station up there. Clear as a bell for hundreds of miles," says the creature who has just shattered all of my expectations.

"You John Draper?" I ask, hoping against the inevitable.

"Yeah. The station played some good music. The jockey must have a powerful transmitter. Sure'd like to see it..."

"This way, John," I interrupt. Taking his pallid arm, I lead him to the baggage-claim area. I had envisioned a Justice League of America hero, and I am confronted with a babbling lunatic.

I quickly grab his bag, walk to my car and begin driving to his lodging for the night. It disturbs me that I can't wait to drop him off, that I don't want to talk to him, that I don't want to be seen with him, even driving late at night.

Abruptly, he takes off on a new jag. "Before I leave, I'll show you some great relaxing exercises."

I play coy. He hasn't actually asked a question, I reason. Keep quiet, I tell myself, maybe he'll shift subjects again.

As he winds up for the second inane attempt, I cut him off. "Look, John, I'm not a physical-fitness weirdo. I drink a lot of beer, and I do my exercising either under or over a woman. No personal offense, OK?"

His sudden silence, ironically enough, makes me feel guilty—or at least ambivalent toward him. I turn on the radio, saying, "You don't mind, do you?" He doesn't say a word.

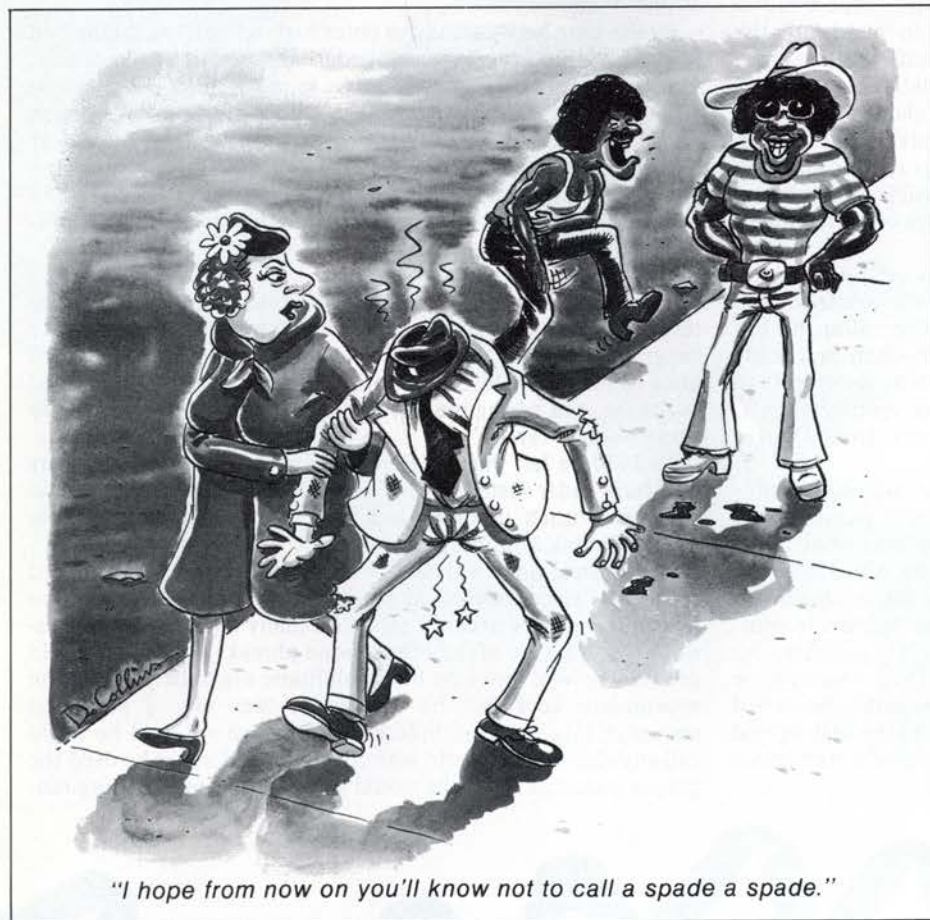
Even though the trip to his hotel only takes 30 minutes, it seems as if several hours of this nonverbal penance have elapsed before we finally arrive. In the hotel lobby a premonition—though indecipherable—overtakes me. I reason that it's the night clerk, whose eyes are popping froglike out of his head.

Between Crunch and Froggy I am spooked. And adding to that, the clerk can't find a reservation for the electronic wizard.

As Crunch and I drive off, I ask him, "This happen to you often?"

"All the time" is his only response.

(continued on page 99)



"I hope from now on you'll know not to call a spade a spade."



Photography by James Baes



Forget all that romantic crap you hear about Frenchmen. To hear Michele tell it, she never discovered what real live sex was all about until she came to America last year.

"I'm amazed that you think people are so free in France," she says with her heavy, heavenly accent. "Men in Paris are really very provincial. And they're like little boys—selfish and greedy. They're interested, first of all, in food, then themselves, then more food."

Michele finds American men more open about their sensuality, both hers and their own. "I like the direct-

ness of American men," she says. "They know what they want, and they're interested in satisfying me as well as themselves. And if they like my body, they tell me so. Too many Frenchmen seem more interested in frogs' legs than in mine."



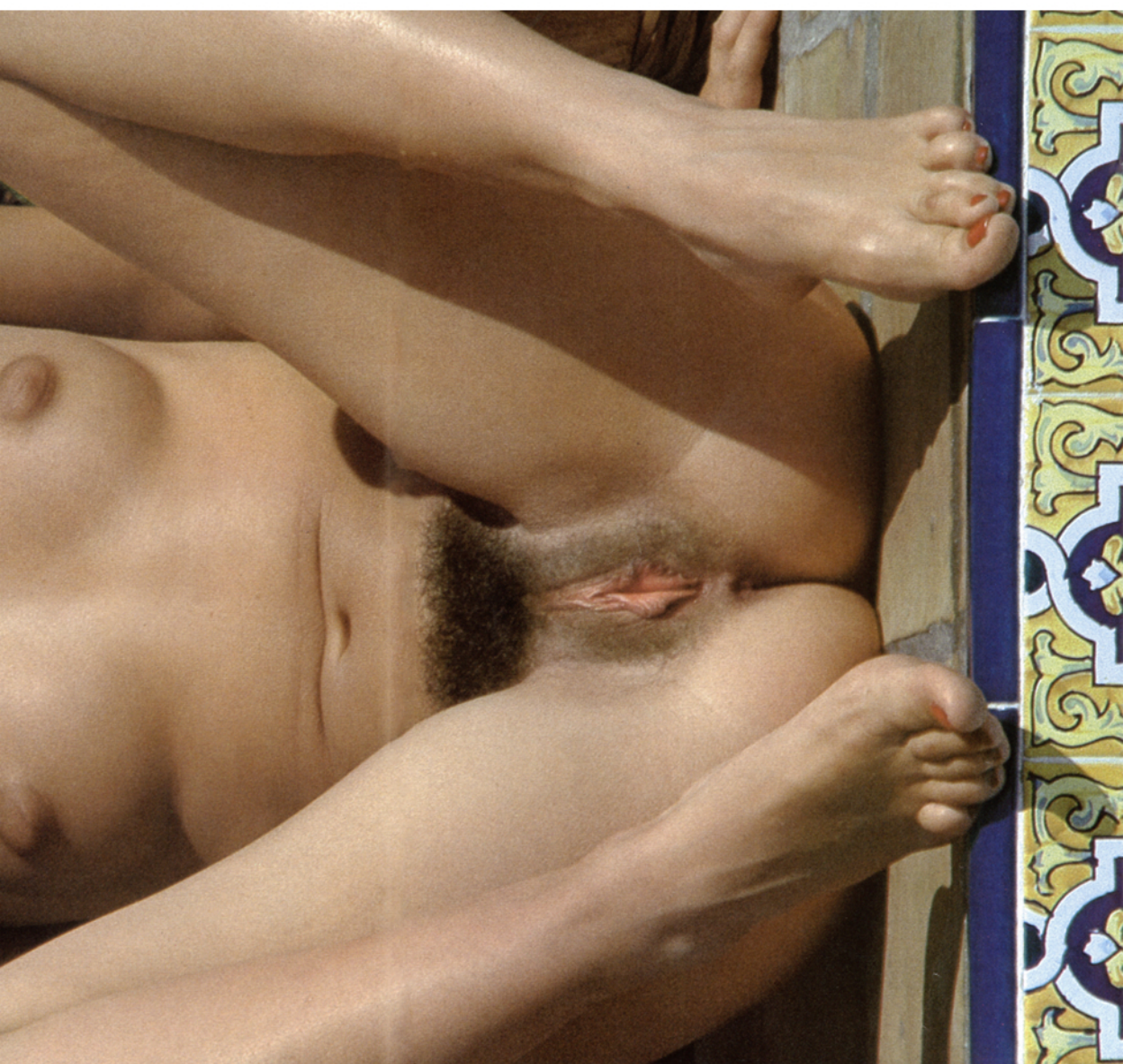






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A 30-year-old farm girl decided to make her first appointment with a gynecologist because she was having terrible itching and bleeding between her legs. After the initial interview the doctor asked the girl to remove all her clothes so he could proceed with his examination. As he sat before her outspread legs, he commented, "You should have removed that tampon too."

"Well, I'd hate to do that," the girl replied. "Grandma gave it to me when I was 12!"

Question: How do you butt-fuck a fat chick?

Answer: Roll her ass in flour and then look for the wet spot.

While making a house call at a remote mountain farmhouse, a young country doctor inadvertently left behind a large bottle of candy-flavored laxative pills. The farmer's fat wife, unable to read the instructions on the label, thought they were actually candy and consumed the whole bottle.

A week later the physician again visited the farmhouse, but first he decided to step around back to use the outhouse. Stepping inside, he discovered the farmer's wife sitting on the privy. She was the color of ash, her eyes were rolled back in their sockets, and her skin was cold and clammy.

The doctor rushed into the farmhouse. "Come quickly," he shouted to the farmer. "We've got to move your wife in here so I can examine her!"

"Oh, it's too late for that," replied the farmer, casually. "She's been dead for a week, Doc. As soon as she quits shittin', we're gonna bury her."

The **HUSTLER Dictionary** defines *mixed nuts* as: two men fucking the same woman at the same time.

Question: Do you know what you get when you mix gelatin and tomato juice?

Answer: A blood clot.

A bull of a man went up to a New York City cop and said, "Offither, tan you tell me how to get to 33rd and Firht?" The cop didn't say a word. Again the guy asked, "Offither, I thed tan you tell me how to get to 33rd and Firht?" Again the cop didn't answer. "Aw, thit," the guy said and stomped off.

Another man, who was watching the whole scene, said to the cop, "Officer, why didn't you tell that man how to get to 33rd and First?"

"What," asked the harelipped cop, "and get the thit ticked out of me?"

On their wedding night the bride said to the groom, "Honey, I have something to confess. I was once a topless dancer."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the husband. "Not that! I honestly think I'd rather have married a prostitute."

"You do?" said the bride. "Well, there's one other thing I was going to mention. . ."

An exasperated-looking man walked into a shoe store with his wife. The husband's shoes were shot to hell, and he needed a new pair.

"May I help you, sir?" inquired the salesman.

"I'd like to try on a Size 10D," the man replied. "Something in a good, sturdy work shoe."

The salesman brought out the best pair he had—mean-looking things with steel toes and thick, hard-rubber soles. The man put them on and walked around for a moment, judging comfort. He then swiftly turned and kicked his wife square in the ass, sending her somersaulting through the air.

"Hot damn!" he exclaimed. "They work fine! I'll take 'em!"

A priest and a rabbi were sitting and talking in church when their conversation was interrupted by a girl wishing to make her confession. The priest excused himself, entered the confessional and listened while the girl said, "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. I slept with three men this week." The priest told her to say three Hail Marys, which the girl did. Then she dropped \$10 in the collection bin and left.

The priest and rabbi resumed their conversation until another girl arrived. She, too, entered the confessional and asked forgiveness for having slept with three men.

The priest told her to say three Hail Marys. After reciting them she dropped \$10 in the collection bin and left. This cycle was repeated once more; then the priest was called to the telephone as yet another contrite soul approached the confessional.

"Why don't you take over for me, Rabbi?" said the priest. The rabbi entered the confessional and heard the girl say, "Forgive me, Father, for I have slept with a man this week."

The rabbi thought for a moment and said, "Go out and sleep with two more. We're having a special this week—three for \$10."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$25. Sorry, but we can't return submissions. 🐼



CHESTER & HESTER



"Nice sermon tonight, Reverend. I especially enjoyed your scathing attack on hypocrites and homosexuals."

Blood and Black Lung Versus Big Bucks

THE POLITICS OF COAL

REPORT
BY BOB ALLEN



I was born right down here in the shadow of the tipple, in what useta be the company town. When I was 15, I went t' work in the mines, 'n' I thought t' God I was gonna die. I was so damned sore at night they had t' turn me over in bed. After two weeks I decided to quit, 'n' I went up t' Lexington 'n' got me a job cuttin' 'baccar.

"But finally I come back t' the mines, 'n' I been there ever since. . . . It's dangerous work—I've seen a lotta fellers got killed in those mines. I had a best buddy who had a rock fall on him and killed him. But after a while it gets in your blood, just like dope or somethin'. . . . I'll never be in nothin' else but a coal mine."—Homer Lee Turner, a coal miner at the Eastover Highsplint Mine, Harlan County, Kentucky

2 a.m. A policeman directs me to a dilapidated hotel near the center of Harlan, Kentucky. It is a grand edifice, which was, no doubt, elegant in its heyday, but it has since slid slowly into decay. The night clerk is an elderly gentleman, and he reeks of whiskey; he's having more than a little difficulty filling out my registration form.

"Them damned miners are crazy sons of bitches!" he laughs, shaking his head. "I don't understand 'em. I mean, they make more money in a goddamned hour than I make all fuckin' night!" He shakes his head again: "I guess they want it all!"

The county seat, Harlan, by day, is a quaint town. Nestled in a valley between gray, slate-covered mountains, its commerce seems to move at a snail's pace. The faded prewar brick buildings that dominate the city's center



suggest an innocence that belies the somewhat sinister, violence-ridden history of the surrounding county—which, even today, is often referred to as “Bloody Harlan.”

On the edge of Harlan’s main square, near the County Courthouse, is an odd-looking monument commemorating the first trainload of coal to leave the county on August 23, 1911. Since then an average of 11 million tons a year has been shipped from Harlan. But precious little of the wealth from this coal has remained in the county itself, where the outward signs of poverty are many. Harlan County’s median income is only \$4,682, and more than 36 percent of its families live below poverty level.

And many a ton of coal shipped from Harlan County has been tainted with human blood. Almost since the coal industry began its incursions here, there has been violence and bloodshed—both in the mines and in the surrounding hollows. From the turn of the century to the early 1970s, Harlan County’s coalfields have been the scene of some of the most clearly defined class conflicts and bloodiest struggles in the history of organized labor. But the only monuments to this era are faded gravestones on distant hillsides.

A few miles from Harlan, in nearby

Ages, is the Eastover Brookside Mine. It was the scene of the bloody 1973-74 Brookside strike, which was documented in the moving, Academy Award-winning film *Harlan County, USA*.

The road to Ages (locally referred to as Brookside) is a narrow, winding affair, full of switchback curves, with a posted speed limit of 55 miles per hour (which testifies to the general recklessness of this remote region). Along this road the natural beauty and rural poverty of Harlan County begin to reveal themselves. Perched precariously near the edge of the Clover Fork River are sagging, weather-scarred shacks. Small frame houses and mobile homes nestle in the locust- and oak-studded foothills along the way; clotheslines flap on porches. Gutted junk cars can be seen practically everywhere.

In August 1974 the bloody, 13-month Brookside strike ended when officials of the Eastover Mining Company, which operates the Brookside Mine at Ages, finally agreed to sign the United Mine Workers of America (UMW) contract for which the striking miners had been holding out. (Today the Brookside Mine is one of only four or five of the county’s 40-odd mines that produce coal under a UMW contract.)

Having heard reports of armed, roving UMW strikers who might be out

attempting to forcibly close down non-UMW mines, I am expecting trouble of some kind—tension at least. (Coal miners—on strike or otherwise—have a tradition of militancy.) But this morning there’s hardly a soul stirring around the mine.

“One mornin’ durin’ the Brookside strike I rode by these scabs in my car. I musta yelled somethin’—somethin’ like ‘We’ll get you bastards later!’ Anyway, that Sunday night me and my wife was settin’ in the house, watchin’ a western on TV. All at once about five shots rang out right fast. Three of ‘em went through the house, and one went through the windshield of the car. My daughter was in bed asleep, and me and Mom hit the floor right fast and headed for her room—don’t think you won’t scoot when them bullets start zingin’!”—Junior Deaton, a former Brookside miner

Almost since the first trainload of coal left Harlan County in 1911, the tree-studded mountainsides have echoed with gunfire as the United Mine Workers of America battled the Harlan County Coal Operators’ Association for control of the coalfields. During these years there was a string of bloody confrontations and incidents that made the legendary Hatfield-McCoy Feud look tame by comparison.

Between 1927 and 1938 the Harlan County Coal Operators’ Association reportedly spent nearly a half-million dollars combating unionism in the county. Most of this money supposedly went for the hiring of strong-arm men to terrorize miners and their families. Local politicians and sheriffs have traditionally sided with the mine operators in this struggle.

One of the first recorded killings occurred in 1917, in nearby Pineville, when Luther Shipman, a union organizer, was shot in the back of the head by a posse led by a local judge. The ensuing history of “Bloody Harlan” is riddled with such incidents. In 1922 three more UMW organizers were shot down, and several hundred miners known to be active union members, along with their families, were kicked out of company-owned houses.

The most violent and often-recalled confrontation took place on May 5, 1931, at Evarts Crossing, just a few miles down the road from Brookside. It has since come to be remembered as the Battle of Evarts.

Tension had begun to build in the area when the Black Mountain Coal Company laid off a large contingent of miners and began evicting their families from company-owned dwellings. The





"Quick! Unplug the electric knife!"

miners met at Evarts, a small settlement along the Clover Fork River. A deputy sheriff was soon on his way with three carloads of deputized gunmen to clean out the town. Miners and deputies met in an orchard just outside town and exchanged gunfire. Before the shooting was over, a brick building just across the river became a fortress. After the smoke cleared some time later, three deputies and one miner lay dead. Half the town had become involved as guns blazed from roofs and windows.

The bloodshed continued through the following decades. In 1933 a man was murdered over an alleged ballot-box stuffing. Two years later a similar incident occurred. In 1939 the National Guard was called in to quell unrest among the county's miners, and at Stanfill, nine miles southwest of Harlan town, two picketing miners were killed and three wounded.

One of the worst massacres took place on April 2, 1941, at the company store in Crummies Creek, to the south of Harlan. It began when several union organizers walked into the store to find a deputy sheriff waiting for them with a machine gun perched on the meat counter. As the miners walked through the door, he opened fire. By most accounts, four men were killed and five

more wounded—although some who were there insist the body count was higher.

"Buddy, I'll tell ya. From 1926, when I first come up here, up till '39, when the union come in, it was just like it was in slave times. You left the house by lamplight, 'n' ya come back by one. I never hardly saw the sunlight. Many of a night I'd come home by moonlight t' make a crop. I had t', t' get by. Moon go down, I'd eat my breakfast, or whatever I had, 'n' get my lamp 'n' go back to the mine before daylight. A lot of nights I never did get a wink of sleep.

"Back in them days you didn't get paid nothin' fer 'dead work'—slate movin', settin' timbers or cleanin' up rockfalls. You only got so much fer a ton, 'n' that was by pick 'n' shovel. In Hoover's time the superintendent cut it t' 21 cents a ton, 'n' some of 'em upped 'n' praised 'im fer it! You could work six days a week, 'n' by the time they was finished takin' out fer house rent 'n' hospital bills, you didn't have but a couple dollars left t' live on. Buddy, they had it all figured out."—Daniel Hall, a retired and disabled Harlan County miner

When you scratch the surface of many of the older miners—those retired, or those in their late 30s and 40s, with large families—you detect a traditional bitter-

ness against the coal owners and bosses that often goes back a couple of generations. When they recall the struggle and turmoil of their efforts to organize and strike for their rights, it is with the grimness of men who have been forced to risk their lives for what was rightfully theirs in the first place: a decent wage and safe working conditions.

Some of the older miners also have bitter memories of when the UMW pulled up stakes and practically abandoned Harlan County when the bottom fell out of the coal market in the '50s and '60s. They also recall the injustices that flourished under the dictatorial regime of UMW President W. A. (Tony) Boyle. UMW District 19, in which Harlan County lies, was a hotbed of corruption under Boyle, who was convicted of mishandling union funds in 1972.

Harlan County was also home to some of the men involved in the slaying of Joseph (Jock) Yablonski, his wife and daughter. Boyle was convicted in April 1974 of murder in connection with the killings, but that conviction was overturned. In February 1978 Boyle was again convicted and returned to prison. Yablonski's death came less than one month after he had unsuccessfully opposed Boyle for the UMW presidency on a reform platform. The older miners have not forgotten this.

"Hell, the longer you stay out, the less it matters. You done lost so much anyway, what the shit: another month. . . . But, hell, in the long run it pays. A man here useta make \$24 a week; now we make \$300 a week. And these damn strikes is what done it. If they'da just let them sons of bitches go, they'd still be payin' \$24 a week."—A UMW miner

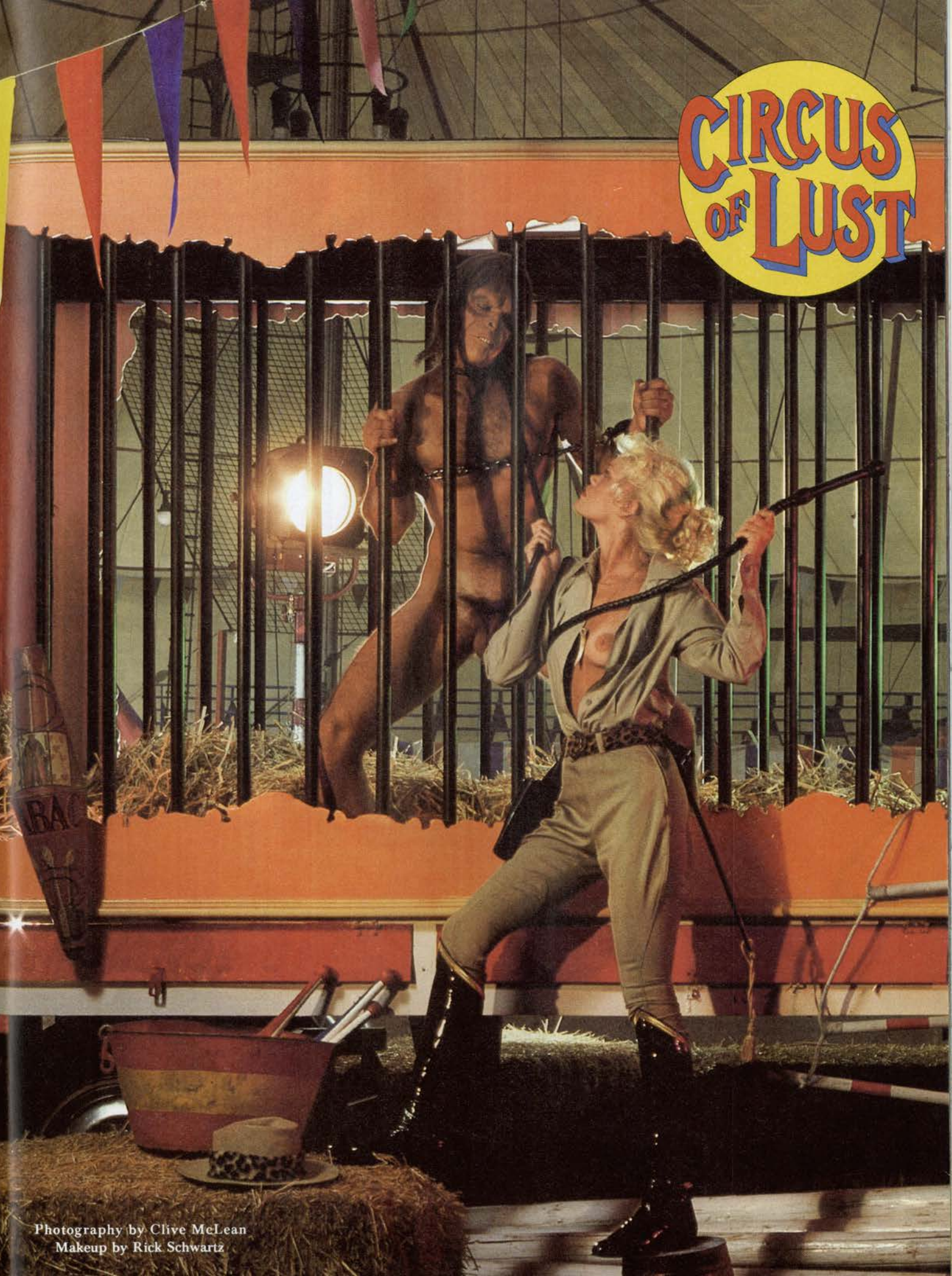
One of Harlan County's biggest confrontations between the miners and operators took place during the 1973-74 Brookside strike. The miners held out for 13 months against the Eastover Mining Company because it refused to sign a contract with the United Mine Workers of America, the union the miners had chosen to represent them.

Before Eastover finally acquiesced and signed the contract on August 28, 1974, dozens of miners and their wives were arrested and jailed in picket-line confrontations, and the hillsides once again echoed with rifle fire. Before it was over, several had been injured by gunfire, and one striker, 23-year-old Lawrence Jones, had his brains blown out at close range with a shotgun wielded by Billy Carroll Bruner, a foreman at Eastover's Highsplint Mine. (Bruner


(continued on page 102)



CIRCUS OF LUST

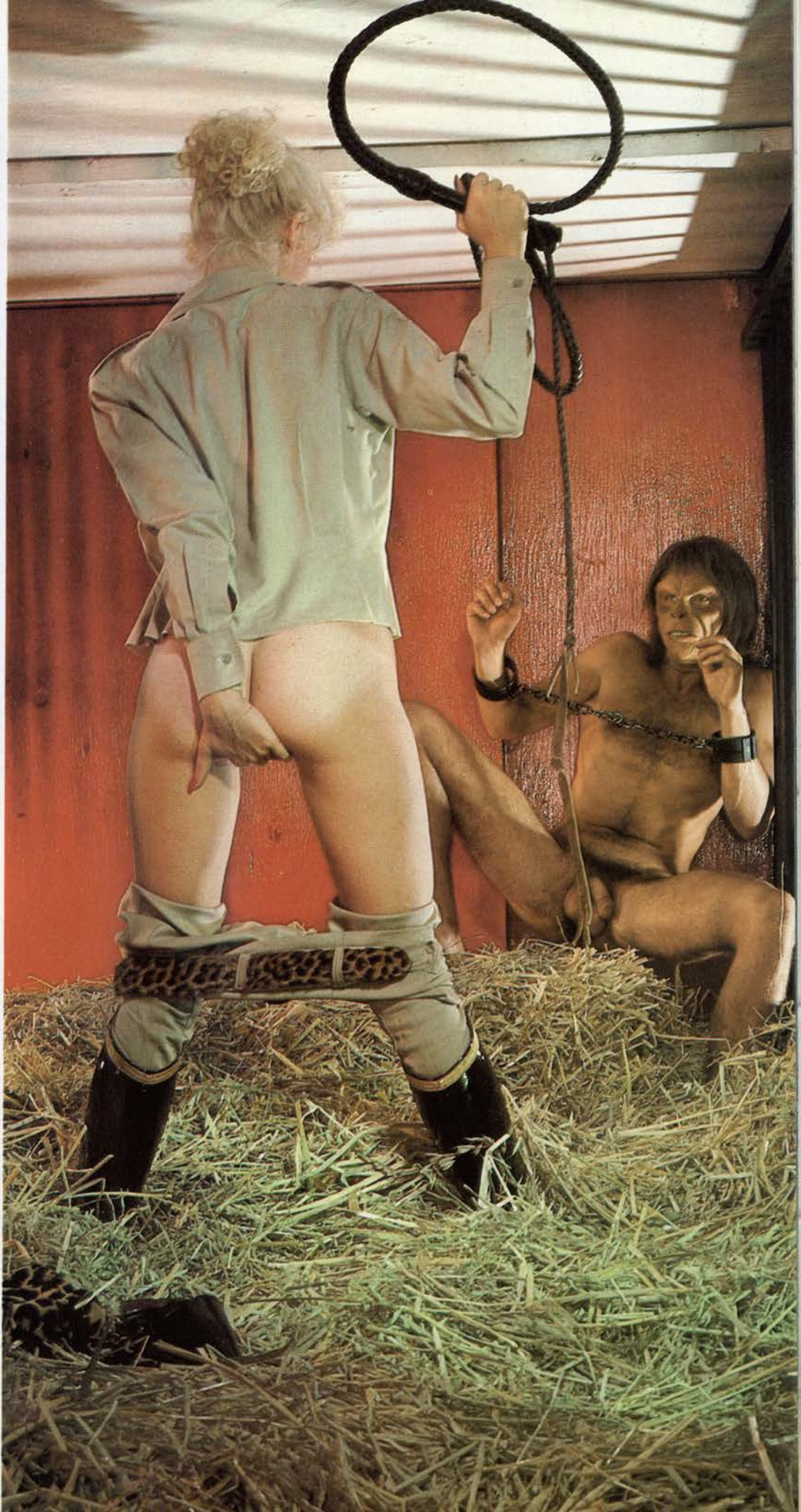
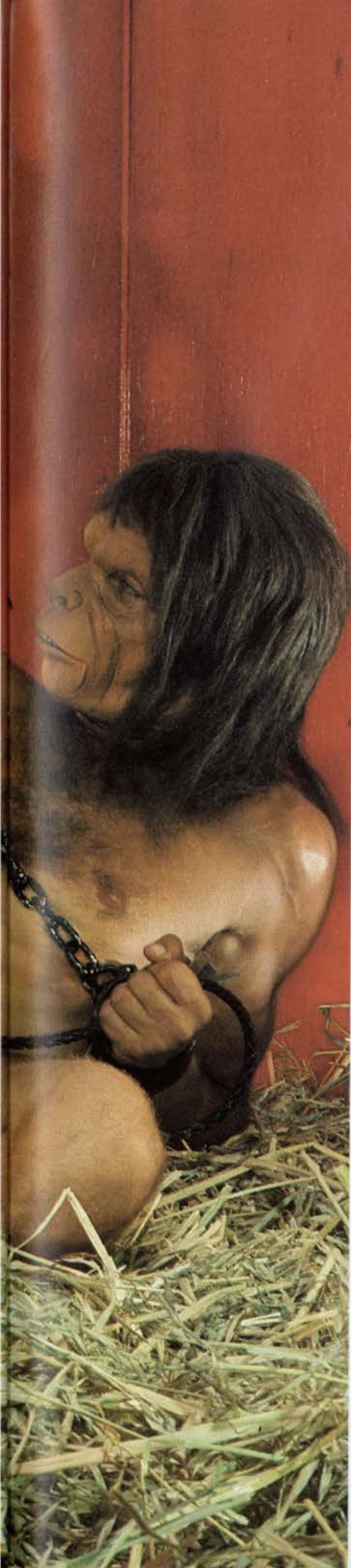



Photography by Clive McLean
Makeup by Rick Schwartz

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a green long-sleeved shirt, is standing behind vertical metal bars. She is holding a whip in her right hand, which is raised. In the foreground, a man is lying down, partially obscured by straw. He is wearing a black wristband and has a chain around his waist. The background is a red wall.

Ladies and gentlemen!
Welcome to the Big Top! It's
circus time!

In the center ring, for your
pleasure, we present Primal
Man and his mistress, the
captivating Lenora. See the
lovely lady run the primitive
beast through his paces at
each crack of her whip, and
watch as she brings him
groveling to her dainty feet.





Keep in mind, ladies and gentlemen, that at any moment Primal Man's instincts may suddenly erupt without warning! He is fully capable of going berserk and ravishing his mistress's tender body. Delight, if you will, to Lenora's amazing control of this creature as she brings him to the edge of his aboriginal passion. Marvel at how she coaxes this captive brute to the brink of gratification without once losing her ladylike poise!

Behold! Beauty has tamed the savage beast!







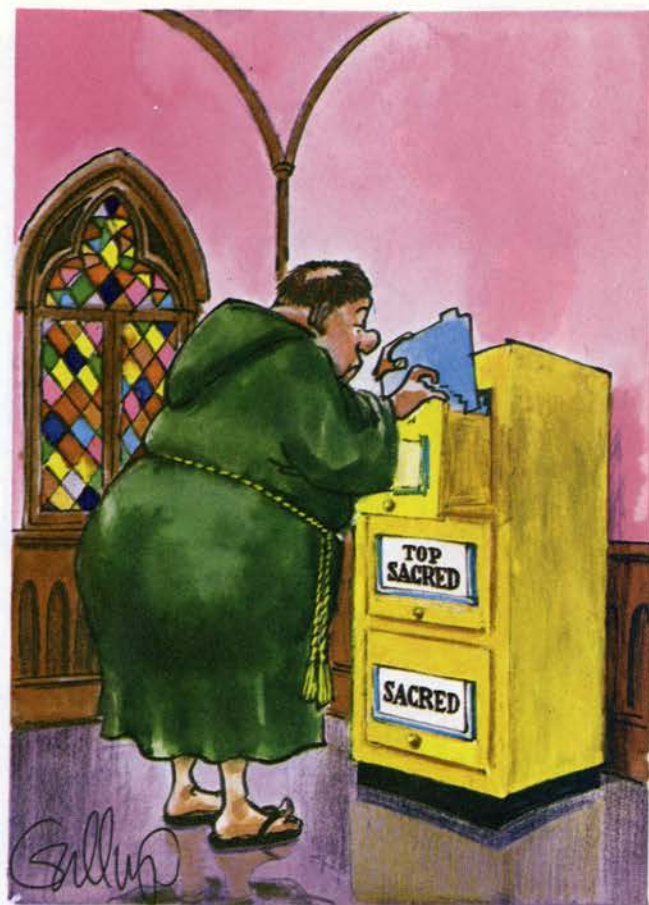
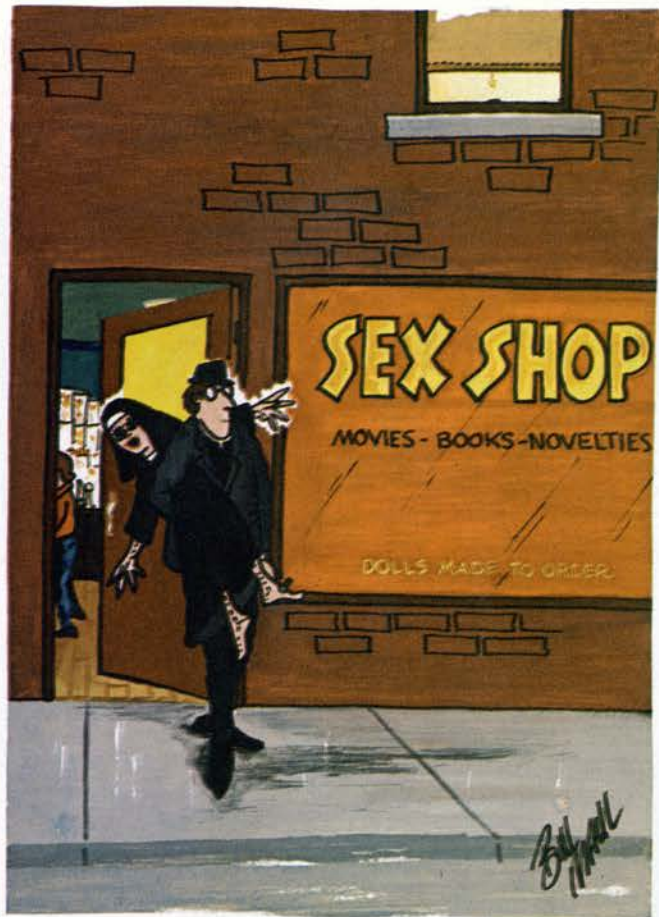




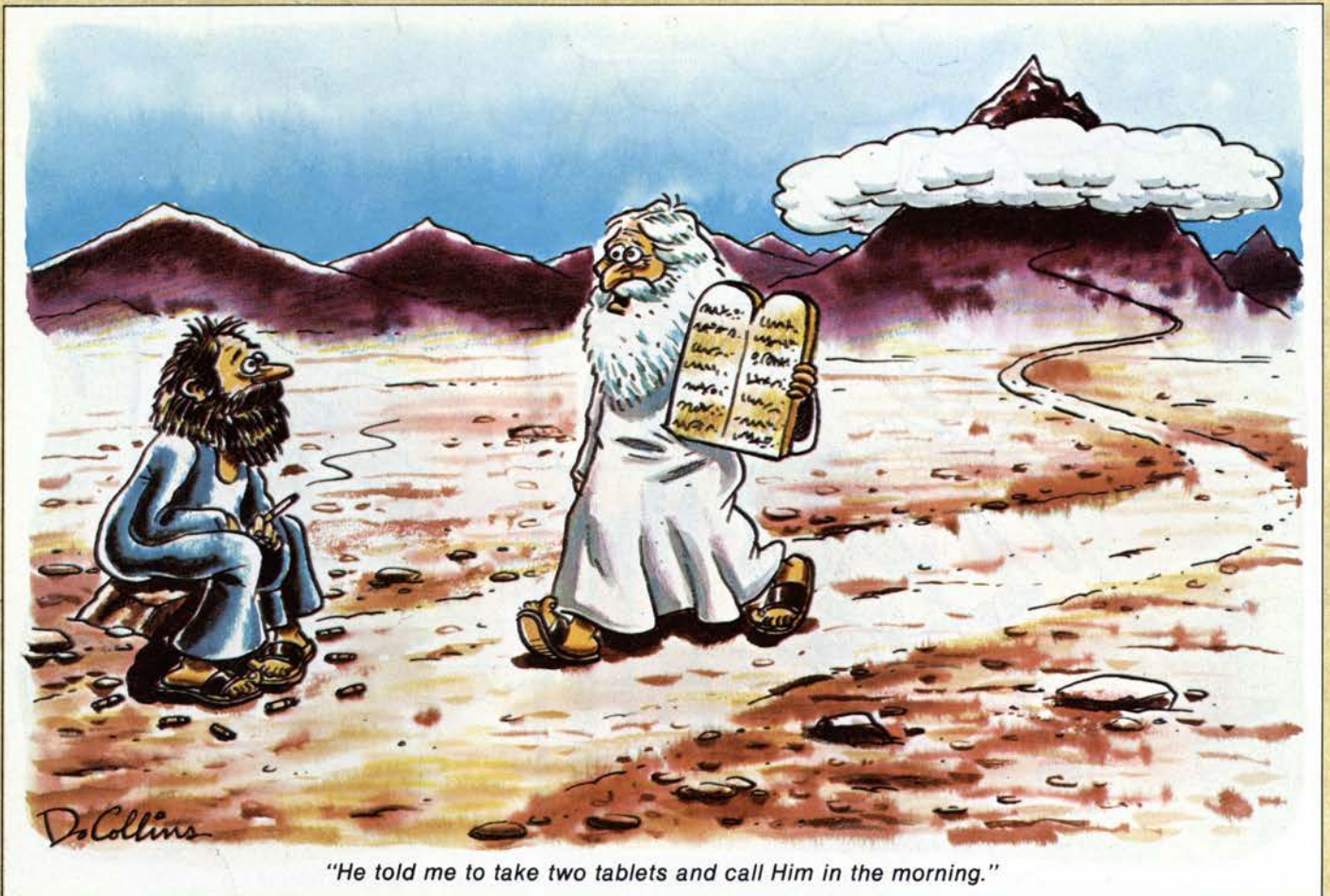
B MIXED BLESSINGS

Who says sex and sects don't mix? Here's some holy, irreverent, irresistible proof that they do. HUSTLER's cartoonists take a whacko look at the funny side of religion.





"She was warned about looking back. Now let's get the hell out of here!!"





"Not tonight. I have a headache."

TWINS

Fiction by Roy Campbell





I had traveled to Tulsa to apply for a job as a Bible salesman. That doesn't have much to do with my story, except that it explains why I got on the bus back to Muskogee at midnight wearing a three-piece suit and tie. I had bought the suit a few days before and had worn it to impress the people in Tulsa. But I guess I didn't impress them enough, because they told me before I left that they were going to hire some famous preacher's nephew instead of me.

So when I got on the bus and walked to the back and sat down in the seat just in front of the rest room, I lit a cigarette and thought about the empty apartment waiting for me. I wanted to be left alone.

It was late September, and it was damp and cold. I had wanted to be in Tulsa, to be anywhere but Muskogee, by winter, but now it looked like I was trapped. The past few months had not been good. First there was my divorce. Then I lost my job. I was working part-time at a gas station and making enough to buy food and pay rent, but I was nearing 30 and wanted more out of life.

The bus was almost empty, so I leaned my head against the cool window and put my feet on the seat beside me. I noticed the two girls sitting across the aisle. They had to be twins. They both had long, sandy-colored hair and thin faces, and they both wore jeans and loose, black sweatshirts. And both were looking at me.

The one sitting on the aisle spoke: "Did you read in the paper about that girl being kept alive by machines in the hospital?" she asked me. "I don't think that's right, do you? If I ever get that sick, I hope they just pull the plug on those machines and let me die."

She giggled, a choking little sound that lasted only a few seconds. I didn't like her giggling talk of death, so I tried to change the subject.

"You two twins?"

"Yeah," the same girl answered. "I'm Brenda and this is Mary Lee." She pointed at the other girl's sweatshirt. "That's strange, ain't it? I mean, most twins have names that sound alike. You know, Judy and Jodi or something like that. But we had two sisters who got killed in a car wreck before we was born. So Mom and Dad named us after them, and each year on Decoration Day we go out to the cemetery, and we look at those little tombstones with our names on them. Of course, they ain't really for

us, but they have our names on them."

She was talking about death again.

"Where you headed?" I asked. Maybe the other girl would say something; maybe she would talk about something besides tombstones and pulling the plug.

But the girl on the aisle answered my question. "We're headed for Arkadelphia, Arkansas. We've lived all our lives there, and I graduated high school there last spring, but Mary Lee, she didn't graduate 'cause she ran away with a guy and got married and lived in Wyoming. But Buford—that's her husband, Buford—he up and left her a few weeks ago, and Mom and Dad sent me to bring her back."

Brenda was talking about her sister as if she wasn't even there, but Mary Lee didn't seem to mind. She just smiled. Maybe she was a deaf-mute and didn't hear Brenda saying how stupid she was.

"Mom and Dad don't expect us back this soon," Brenda was saying, "but I'm bringing Mary Lee home in a hurry 'cause Dad's got cancer and won't live much longer."

Just my luck, I thought. My life has gone to shit, and I wind up talking to a girl who is fascinated by death and looking at her deaf-mute twin sister. I didn't want to spend two hours listening to this stuff, so I turned around and faced the

front and hoped that that would shut Brenda up.

I was reaching into my pocket for my cigarettes when I felt Brenda move in beside me.

I lit one and was drawing in the first smoke when she said, "You sure dress funny."

"What do you mean?"

"All fancy like."

I don't know why I lied to her. Maybe I wanted her to think I was someone special. "I'm a preacher," I told her.

"A preacher?"

"Yeah."

She looked at my cigarette. "But you're smoking. Preachers ain't supposed to smoke."

"I don't smoke all the time. I just buy a pack from time to time to relax me."

"Yeah, I guess after a revival you need to relax. I was saved when I was 13. The preacher was young and handsome and dressed real nice. He was nice to me when I was saved and took me back behind the pulpit and prayed for me special and asked the Lord to do great things with me."

"I'm sure the Lord did just that."

She turned to me, but she didn't look at me. She lowered her eyes. "Well, I don't guess you could say I'm a good Christian. I'm still saved. I'm a Baptist, and you know the doctrine. Once saved, always saved. That sort of makes me feel better about myself, but the fact is I haven't been living like I should."

"Who does?"

"I guess I just went through a rebellious stage, like most young girls." Then she looked up at me. "Not as rebellious as Mary Lee, mind you. She went and married that stupid Buford and got herself stranded up in Wyoming. Course, she was never saved either."

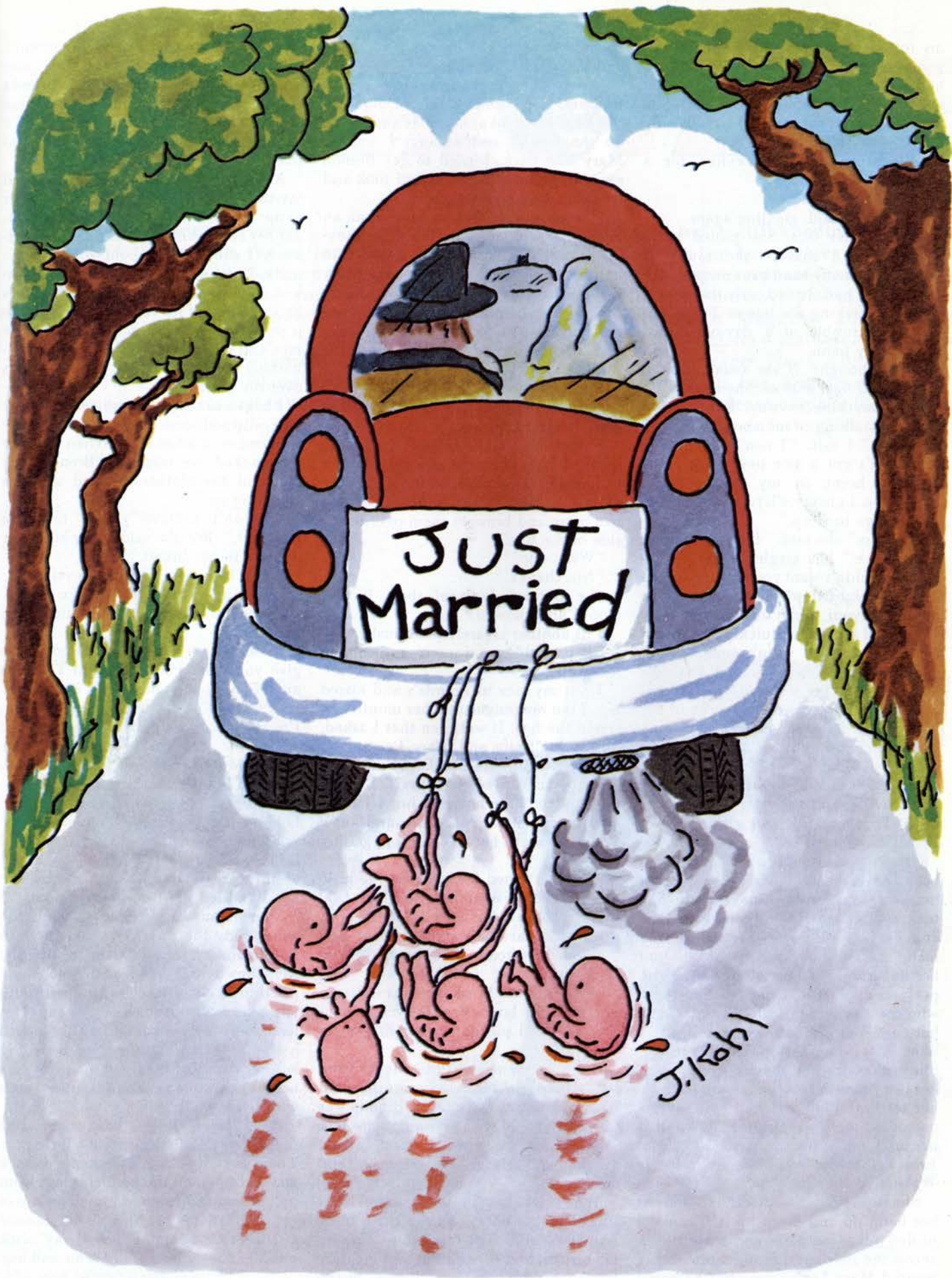
"At that revival when we were 13, I kept trying to get her to go up and get saved with me, but she just wouldn't do it. She just sat there every night while that nice, young preacher preached. The last night of the revival I went up and got saved by myself."

"Then the preacher died. He had a heart attack about two months later, right in the middle of a sermon. I was so sad. I cried for two days. But Mary Lee didn't seem to care at all. She just don't care when people die."

My God, here it was again! Even the preacher was dead. The conversation had been going so well as long as she was talking about being saved and I was lying. But I couldn't stand to hear her talk about dying. So I put my arm around her shoulders and pulled her close and kissed her hard. She let me put



"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the pinkest one of all?"



my tongue in her mouth, but she didn't give anything back. I put my hand on her sweatshirt and felt her breast. She let me do that, but she didn't touch me. She kept her hands on her lap. I pulled my mouth away from hers.

"You sure do act sexylike for a preacher," she said.

"I need to relax."

"OK," she said, giggling again.

I kissed her face. She pulled back. "You need a shave," she said. "It tickles." I ran my hand over my jaw. She was right. I had shaved early that morning before taking the bus to Tulsa, but now the stubble of a day-old beard scraped my palm.

OK, I thought. *If she doesn't want to neck, it's all right with me.* She wasn't giving me anything anyway. But I didn't want her talking to me about death.

"Sorry," I said. "I can't shave now. My razor's got a nice new blade in it, but it's home in my bathroom in Muskogee. I guess we'll just have to stop this and go to sleep."

"Oh, no," she said. "It tickles, but it tickles nice." She giggled again. "Anyway, I wouldn't want you shaving on the bus. We might stop real quick, and you might cut your throat and die."

I pulled her to me quickly and kissed her again, hard. I wasn't going to die, and I wanted to show her that. I ran my hand down to her jeans and pushed her legs apart and cupped the crotch of her jeans in my palm. She moved a little as I rubbed her cunt, but her arms hung lifeless at her sides.

I stopped kissing her and looked over her shoulder and saw Mary Lee staring at us. That made me feel silly, and I let Brenda go and pulled away.

She slipped out of the seat and moved back across the aisle. Mary Lee slid past her sister and sat down next to me. She took my face in her hands and kissed me and put her tongue in my mouth and made the kiss juicy and sweet. She put her hand on my trousers, found the zipper and opened it. I didn't understand why she was doing it, why she felt it was her turn, but I didn't try to stop her. I liked Mary Lee better than her sister. She was giving me something. I kissed her juicy mouth and ran my tongue over her teeth and felt a jagged place where one of her teeth was chipped. She pulled my prick out of my trousers. *Buford must have taught her something up there in Wyoming,* I thought.

She squeezed my prick and moved her hand up and down on it. Then she pulled out of my arms and moved back across the aisle and Brenda came back. I wanted Mary Lee to stay, but I figured

I would have to kiss Brenda for a while and keep her happy too.

My prick was hanging out of my trousers, but Brenda wouldn't touch it. She kept her arms at her sides and let me do the feeling and kissing. I wanted Mary Lee back. I tried to get Brenda excited, but she just took and took and wouldn't give anything back.

It went on like that for more than an hour, first one and then the other moving next to me; Brenda sitting there and letting me kiss her and feel her up, Mary Lee kissing me and playing with my prick. I didn't come, because, just when I would start to, Mary Lee would leave and Brenda would be there and she wouldn't touch me.

Brenda was with me when she abruptly stopped and pushed me away. "I'm getting sort of hungry."

She went back across the aisle, reached under her seat and pulled out a little paper sack. She took out a package of fig bars, handed one to Mary Lee, got two more and brought them over to my side of the bus.

"Want one?"

"No, thanks."

She popped both of them in her mouth and chewed.

I lit another cigarette and pushed my prick back in my trousers and zipped them up.

I put my face to Brenda's and kissed her. I ran my tongue into her mouth and tasted the figs. It was then that I asked, "Why don't you and Mary Lee get off the bus with me in Muskogee and stay at my place for a few hours?" I really didn't want Brenda there, but I looked across the aisle at Mary Lee and knew I'd have to take her cold sister to get her too.

Brenda slipped back across the aisle and whispered something to Mary Lee. *Maybe she isn't deaf after all,* I thought, *just mute.* Mary Lee smiled at me and nodded her head. Then Brenda was back at my side. "OK," she said.

We got to the Muskogee bus station a few minutes later. Brenda went across the aisle and picked up her bag of fig bars.

My apartment was three blocks from the station. In the early-morning chill we ran. I was in the middle. Brenda was on my right. Mary Lee was on my left. We held hands as we ran and Brenda giggled and Mary Lee was quiet and smiling.

When we got to the apartment, I unlocked the door, and the three of us scurried inside. The run had us gasping for breath, and Brenda was still giggling too, so we stopped for a moment at the

big picture window in the living room. I put my arm around Mary Lee and pulled her close. Then I thought Brenda might feel left out, so I put my other arm around her. We stood there for a moment and looked out at the deserted street.

Mary Lee reached over and unzipped my trousers. I turned to her, pulled her to me. I kissed her and ran my hands under her sweatshirt and pulled it up. Suddenly I didn't care about Brenda anymore. I just wanted to see her sister naked. The sweatshirt mussed Mary Lee's hair as I pulled it over her head. I threw it on the floor beside us. Her tits were nice and golden, as if she had been sunbathing in the nude. She ran her hands over my prick.

I began to unbutton my vest as Mary Lee slipped out of her jeans. We watched each other strip. When we were both naked, we turned to Brenda. She still had her clothes on, and she was watching us.

"I don't believe you're really a preacher," Brenda said, clutching her fig bars to her breast.

"Sure I am, but I've got to relax."

"You just brought us here for sex."

"What did you think I brought you here for?"

"Well, Mary Lee's stupid enough to give you what you want. But I graduated high school, and I don't even know your name. I'm not giving you anything. I'm not stupid like Mary Lee."

I hated her for calling her sister stupid. Mary Lee was warm and tanned, not cold like Brenda. I slapped her.

"Your sister's better than you'll ever be!"

Brenda touched her face where I had hit her. Tears filled her eyes. But I didn't care. I took Mary Lee by the hand and led her into the bedroom.

The moon was shining through the window by the bed. We stood there in the shadowy light and kissed again. She went down on her knees and took my prick in her mouth. The chipped tooth felt good as she nibbled on the end. Her hands were at her sides. Only her mouth held me. When I pushed her back and left her with just the tip of my prick, she held it against that sharp, chipped tooth with her tongue.

She knew when I was ready. She pulled her mouth away with a little pop. Then she stood up and stepped back and lay down on the bed. Her legs went up and out as I lowered myself on top of her. I liked having this silent, tanned girl under me, and I moved my prick into her cunt. She put her arms and legs

(continued on page 115)

BEAVER HUNT

OK, Beaver Hunters, you've got no excuse to slough off this month. Valentine's Day is just around the corner, a perfect time for you and your sweetheart to get together and take some hot photos. Forget all that hearts-and-flowers stuff. Make this Valentine's Day bright pink. Show those snatches, gals! Bare those balls, guys! We'll pay \$50 for every color photo we select, and the best models will be chosen to pose for an extended photo-feature—and paid professional rates. And

don't forget that we're still conducting our nationwide search for the best *Beaver Hunt* couple. Keep 'em coming—the response has been good, but we're looking for more. All photos become the property of HUSTLER Magazine and are non-returnable. Send all entries—male, female or couple—to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Use the model release on page 92, or a facsimile including all the information requested.

Photo by Ted



A 22-year-old waitress from Virginia, Melinda Santos says she doesn't really go in for anything kinky in her sex life. Melinda tells us that she likes making love alone with her husband.

Photo by Boyfriend



Twenty-four-year-old Laura Neumar is studying to be a psychologist at the university in her hometown of Burlington, North Carolina. Apparently, Laura has a yen for doctors, as her sexual fantasy involves making love to her gynecologist.

Photo by Jeffrey Cote

Jocko Gorilla, 5, is not one to beat off around the bush. He spends much of his time sitting around coffee shops in Hempstead, New York, discussing medieval Flemish art and the philosophy of Kierkegaard. Jocko's fantasy is to swing through the trees while fucking the girl next door—a lovely teenager by the name of Jane. "She blond too!" he tells us.



This lovely 24-year-old is Candy, who works at a place called Charlie's Angels in Spring Lake, North Carolina. We don't know what sort of place it is, but we've got a feeling that Charlie is a pretty lucky guy.

Photo by a Friend



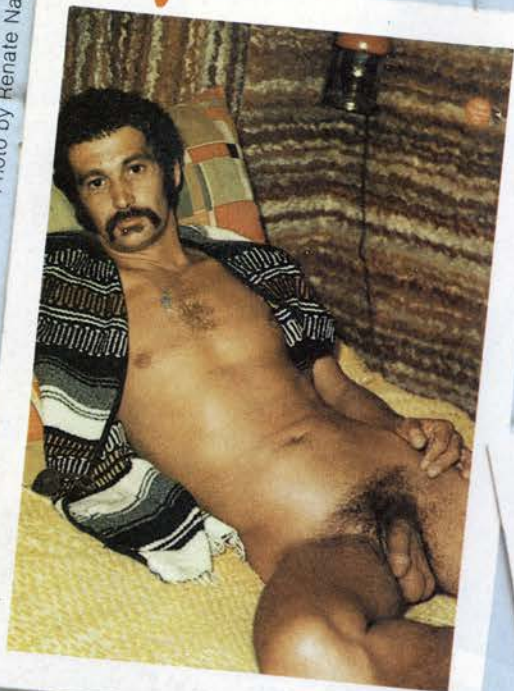
Photo by Ken Nolan

They make 'em big down in Dallas. Twenty-three-year-old Dee stands 5-11½—just a half inch short of being a six-footer. She loves to make it with sexy, petite women, pressing their tiny faces into her juicy Texas twat while she wraps her long legs around their necks.



One for the Ladies

Photo by Renate Narun



Baltimore's own Jeanne Duncan, 22, loves only one thing better than oral sex, and that's Polish cooking, especially those hot sausages. Jeanne operates a service station, and in between pumpings of gas she writes horny letters to her "lonely ole man."



Photo by Steve Duncan

Robert Clark is a 34-year-old pipe fitter from Hancock's Bridge, New Jersey. This all-American dude likes swimming, canoeing and camping. Robert's fantasy is to have a threesome with two girls.



Photo by Mr. Wofford

Down in St. Petersburg, Florida, 22-year-old Sandra Wofford says she's got a special fantasy about taking a male virgin to bed with her. Yeah, but what will her husband say?



Photo by Charles Mainieri



Gina, 25, lives in San Diego, where she makes ends meet by modeling. She says her special weakness is men's magazine editors—so we've sent her a plane ticket to Los Angeles.

Twenty-one-year-old Toyann Fulker is a numismatist (that's a coin collector, everyone) from Clearwater, Florida, who dreams about being the only girl at an orgy and "getting into everyone there." We've also sent her a plane ticket.

Photo by D. H.



Photo by Mike Right

B. J. is a 26-year-old housewife and mother who lives in Westlinn, Oregon. She's just fulfilled her lifelong dream: having her photo published in HUSTLER.

Photo by Jim Shelton



Twenty-year-old Chanel Van Scoyk loves the idea of motion, and her favorite fantasy is fucking a well-hung stud on horseback on her farm outside of Russiaville, Indiana.

Mary Callis works as a sales representative for a firm in Houston, Texas. Mary tells us that she loves sex, and dreams, unselfishly, that someday she'll "seduce a virgin."



Photo by Paul Michaels



Kathy J. Smith, 29, lives in Molalla, Oregon, where she works as a registered nurse. She loves all water sports, and her sexual fantasy is "an orgy at the beach with the waves pounding in the distance."

Photo by Gregory H. Smith

GEMSTONE FILE

(continued from page 48)

connection with the shooting of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.)

Oswald goes to the movies. A "shoe-store manager" tells the theater cashier that a suspicious-looking man has sneaked in without paying. Sixteen police charge out to the Texas Theater to look for the guy who's sneaked in.

Oswald has been given a pistol that doesn't fire. Others anticipate that the police will shoot the "cop-killer" for "resisting arrest." But since that doesn't happen, small-time Mafioso Jack Ruby kills Oswald two days later. Brading stays at the Teamster-financed Cabana

Hotel in Dallas. Ruby goes to the Cabana the night before the murder, says the Warren Commission Report.

The rest, as they say, is history. Onassis is so confident of his control over police, media, FBI, CIA, Secret Service and the U.S. judiciary system that he has JFK murdered before the eyes of the nation; then systematically buys off, kills off or frightens off witnesses and has evidence destroyed. Unwitting cover-up participants include, among many: Gerald Ford, on the Warren Commission (a Nixon recommendation); Leon Jaworski, just off the Texas assassination commission, who keeps the fact that Oswald had operative status with the FBI secret from the Warren Commission; CIA Chief John McCone; CIA Deputy Director Richard Helms; and a passel of police, FBI, news media, etc.

Where Are They Now? Johnny Roselli receives part of his payoff for shooting at JFK in the form of a \$250,000 "finder's fee" when the Desert Inn is sold to Hughes in 1966. When Roselli fails to collect mob money from a Las Vegas casino owner, he is asphyxiated in 1976.

Jimmy "The Weasel" Fratianno's payoff includes \$109,000 in "nonrepayable loans" from the San Francisco National Bank.

Eugene Brading is questioned by the FBI two months after his interrogation and release in Dallas, as part of the Warren Commission's determination to "leave no stone unturned" in its quest for the truth about the JFK assassination. In spite of the fact that Brading is a known criminal with a long arrest record, the FBI reports that Brading knows nothing whatever about the assassination, and Brading is not called to testify before the Warren Commission. Brading becomes a charter member of a country club near San Clemente, California, a reputed Mafia haven.

A group of bankers, headed by a Bank of America official, picked Gerald Ford for Congress at the beginning of his career. The reason for his selection was his *real father*: Leslie King, Sr. Almost everyone knows the touching story of Ford's adoption as an infant, and the reappearance of his real father, Leslie King, Sr., driving a Cadillac when Ford was a college-football hero. Almost no one knows that Leslie King, Sr., was a minor member of the Denver Smaldones "family"—engaged in minor swindles and scams in Montana. The Smaldones "family" does a few favors for King, Sr. They pick his son Leslie King, Jr. (a.k.a. Gerald Ford and Mr. Clean) for Congress. After the JFK murder the time

comes for the Denver Smaldones to ask for their return favor. They have Representative "Gerry Ford" put on the Warren Commission.

John McCone, head of the CIA, goes on to become a member of the Board of Directors of ITT, sitting right next to Francis L. Dale, head of CREEP (Committee to Re-Elect the President).

Richard Helms, McCone's assistant at Dallas, ultimately is rewarded with the post of CIA Director. Leon Jaworski becomes the Watergate prosecutor, replacing Archibald Cox, who was getting too warm. Jaworski turns in a sterling performance.

Dr. "Red" Duke, the man who digs two bullets out of Connally and saves his life, is shipped off to a hospital in Afghanistan by a grateful CIA.

New Orleans DA Jim Garrison tries to get Eugene Brading out of Los Angeles to be questioned by his commission of inquiry, but uses one of Brading's other aliases by mistake. Garrison has his witnesses shot out from under him, and his case is discredited in an interminable press controversy launched by James Phelan, who collaborates with Bob Maheu on a book about Hughes.

After JFK's Death: Onassis quickly establishes control over Lyndon Johnson through fear. On the trip back to Washington, Johnson is warned by radio, relayed from an Air Force base: "There is no conspiracy. Oswald was a lone-nut assassin. Get it, Lyndon? Otherwise *Air Force One* might have an unfortunate accident on its flight back to Washington."

Onassis fills all important government posts with his own men. All government agencies become means to accomplish an end: rifle the American Treasury; steal as much as possible; keep the people confused, disorganized and leaderless; pursue world domination. JFK's original Group of 40 is turned over to Rockefeller and his man Kissinger so that they can more effectively fuck over South America.

June 1968: Bobby Kennedy knows who killed his brother. When he foolishly tries to run for President, Onassis has him offed.

October 1968: Jackie Kennedy is now free to marry Onassis. According to an old Mafia rule, if someone welches on a deal, kill him and take his girl and his gun; in this case, Jackie and the Pentagon.

July 1969: Mary Jo Kopechne, devoted JFK girl and a former secretary of Robert Kennedy, is in charge of packing up Bobby's files after his assassination in L.A. She reads too much—learns about Kennedy-Mafia involvement

HUSTLER

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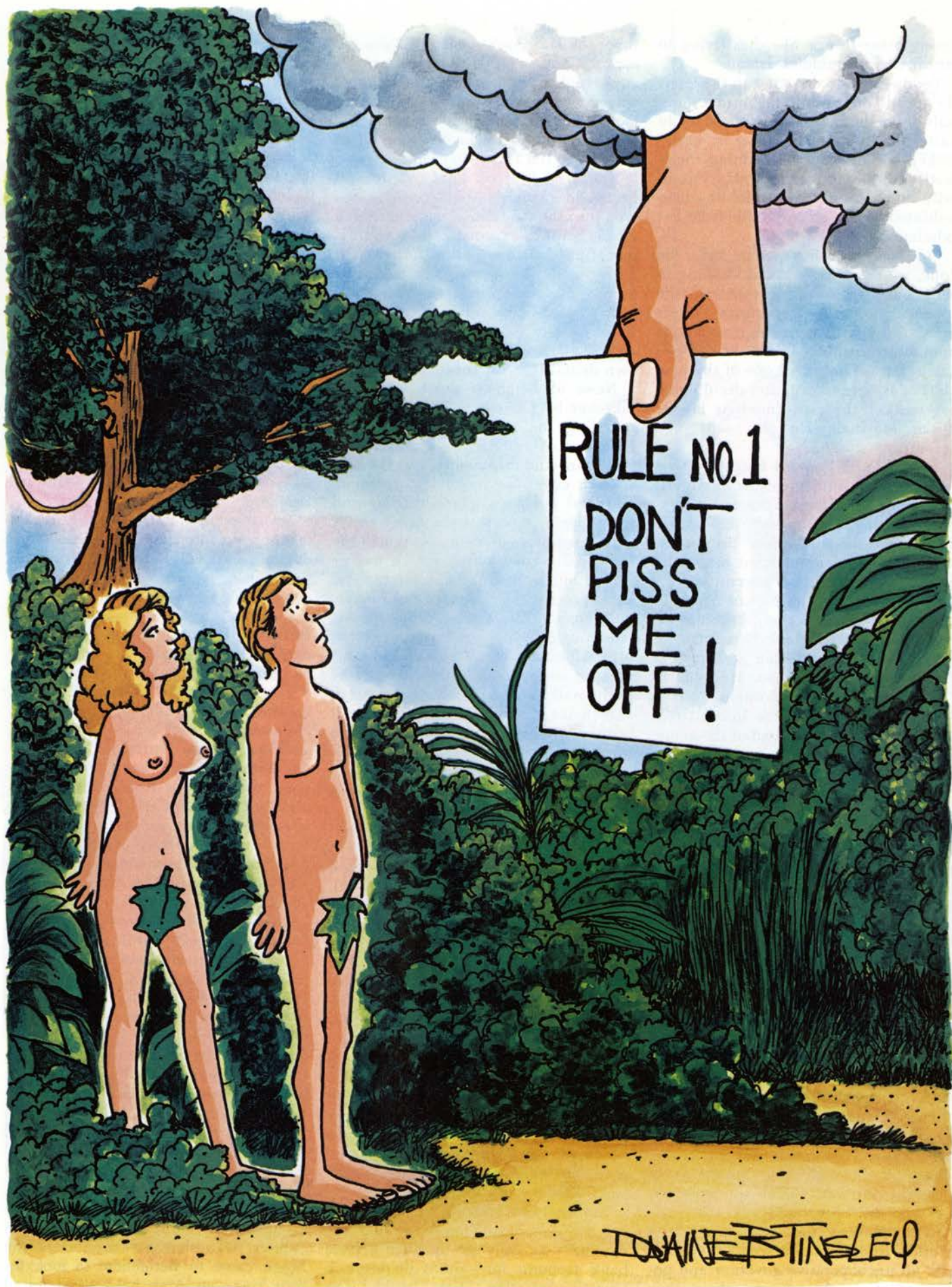
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JOHN B. STINELEY

among other things. She dies trying to get off Chappaquiddick Island.

Teddy offers to drive her to the ferry. He speeds off toward the bridge, and bails out of the car as it goes off. Mary Jo waits for help—her nose is badly broken—while Teddy, assuming she is dead, runs to set up an alibi. Mary Jo finally suffocates in the air bubble, which is diluted with carbon dioxide from her exhalation.

On Teddy's behalf Jackie calls the Pope, who assigns Cardinal Cushing to help. The Cardinal assigns priests, who appear before the Kopechnes "direct from God," with personal instructions from Him that Mary Jo's broken nose is patched up. That night one of the people Teddy tries to call after deciding he has to take the rap himself is lawyer Burke Marshall. He also calls Ted Sorenson.

End of 1970: Howard Hughes's presence on earth is no longer required. His handwriting can be duplicated by computer. His biography—all the known facts about his life—have been compiled, and the computerized biography is issued to top Hughes executives.

Clifford Irving, author of *Hoax* (a book about an art forger), becomes interested in Hughes. Living on Ibiza, he hears the Mediterranean gossip that "Hughes" is a hoax too. He goes to "Hughes's" so-called "Mormon Mafia—his six nursemaids"—for information. One of them, perhaps tired of the game, gives Irving the computerized Hughes biography, and from it Irving writes his "autobiography."

Irving writes his book—and the publishers announce it. Onassis knows someone has given Irving the information. Thinking it is Maheu, he fires him in November 1970. On Thanksgiving Eve 1970, in the middle of the night, "Hughes" makes a well-publicized "secret departure" from Las Vegas to the Bahamas.

December 1970: Onassis discovers his mistake—and has the nursemaid responsible for leaking the information to Irving killed.

Robert Maheu, accidentally deprived of his half-million-dollars annual salary, sues "Hughes" for millions—mentioning "Hughes's" game plan for the purchase of presidents, governors, senators, judges, etc. Onassis pays off—cheap at the price—to maintain his custodianship of "American democracy" and the "free world."

The "Hughes" party flees around the world—from Bermuda, where they murder an uncooperative governor and police chief, to Nicaragua, where they

shoot the U.S. Ambassador between the eyes for noticing that there isn't really any Hughes, and thence to Canada, where nursemaid Howard Eckersley loots a goodly sum in a swindle of the Canadian Stock Exchange, and on to London to the Inn of the Park.

April 18, 1971: A final overdose of heroin does Hughes in. His coffin is lowered into the sea from a rocky headland off the coast of Skopios. Albanian frogmen, tipped off, are waiting in the water. They seize the coffin and take the corpse off to Yugoslavia, thence to China and Russia, and then perhaps to Boston—in a footlocker. The corpse's dental work is compared to Hughes's own dental records; they match.

News of Hughes's death, the U.S. takeover by Onassis and the facts surrounding the murders of JFK, RFK, Martin Luther King, Jr., Mary Jo Kopechne and many more, and the subsequent cover-ups (involving still more murders) has been circulating around the globe for several years. Any country with this information can blackmail the U.S. Mafia government, which has no choice but to pay up. The alternative: be exposed as a bunch of treasonable murderers. This is why China-hating, red-baiting Nixon is forced to "recognize" China (which he now claims is his greatest accomplishment); and why the USSR walks off with such good deals in U.S. loans, grain and whatever else it wants. All they have to do is mention those magic words *Hughes, JFK, RFK, Mary Jo*—words to conjure by—and the U.S. Mafia government crawls into a hole.

May 1971: "Folk hero" Daniel Ellsberg, a well-known hawk from the Rand Corporation who had designed the missile ring around the Iron Curtain countries (how many missiles to aim at which cities), releases the Pentagon Papers, which helps distract people from Hughes, JFK, RFK, King, etc. The papers make the Vietnam War look like "just one of those incredibly dumb mistakes." This helps to cover the real purpose of the war: continued control, for Onassis and his friends, of the Golden Triangle dope trade; and for Onassis and the oil people, control of Eastern oil sources—to say nothing of control over huge federal sums, which can be siphoned off in profitable arms contracts, or made to conveniently "disappear" in the war effort.

International banking circles—handing out American money to "starving nations"—actually set up huge private bank accounts for various dictators in Onassis-controlled Swiss banks. The

money can be used as needed to support and extend Mafia operations. Example: \$8 billion in World Bank funds for "starving Ethiopians" winds up in Emperor Haile Selassie's personal Swiss bank accounts.

Rand Corporation has another goody in store: "Project Star," Rand's cover-up fallback version of the JFK murder—held in reserve should public restlessness over the Warren Commission cover-up ever threaten to get out of hand. This version is "leaking" out now, in the Rockefeller Commission's "hints" that JFK was behind the CIA-Mafia attempts on Castro and that Castro retaliated by having JFK shot.

June 13, 1971: The *New York Times* begins publishing the Pentagon Papers. Nixon sets up the "plumbers unit." E. Howard Hunt, as White House consultant, works for the CIA-front Mullen Corporation—after he resigns from the CIA. Mullen's chief client is "Howard Hughes."

September 3, 1971: The Watergate team breaks into the office of Ellsberg's doctor (Lewis Fielding) to get Ellsberg's psychiatric records. Team members: CIA's Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy plan it; Cuban "freedom fighters" Felipe DeDiego, Eugenio Martinez and Bernard Barker take part. All except Liddy had worked together at the Bay of Pigs.

December 29, 1971: Ellsberg indicted for leaking the Pentagon Papers.

January 1972: The Watergate team shows up at the Drift Inn, a CIA-FBI safe-house hangout bar in San Francisco, where Bruce Roberts conducts a nightly Gemstone rap. The event, like any other nightly rap, is taped by the Drift Inn bartender, Al Strom, who tells his friend Roberts about it. The bar is also wired for sound by Arabs, Russians and Chinese.

February 1972: Tisseront, head of the Sacred College of Cardinals, is pushed out of a Vatican window. He had followed the career of Montini, then Pope Paul VI (whose mother was Jewish). Montini sodium-morphate-murdered Pope Pius XI, was banished from Rome by Pope Pius XII and returned to become Pope Paul VI in 1963. Tisseront wrote it all down; called the Pope the fulfillment of the Fatima 3 Prophecy: that "The Antichrist shall rise to become the head of the Church." Tisseront wrote about all the suppressed secrets of the Roman Catholic Church, i.e., that Jesus Christ was an Arab, born at the rare conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter. Arab (Persian) astronomers (the Magi) came to Bethlehem to look for their king—an Arab baby—and found



"Well, so much for rehabilitating ax murderers."

him in a stable.

April 1972: Money pours into CREEP: Gulf Oil Corporation contributes \$100,000; Phillips Petroleum Company contributes \$100,000; Ashland Oil, \$100,000; Braniff Airways, \$40,000; American Airlines, \$55,000. Financier Robert Vesco gives Maurice Stans and John Mitchell a \$200,000 "campaign contribution." Liddy gives McCord \$76,000, etc.

May 1972: J. Edgar Hoover has The Gemstone File and threatens to expose Dallas-JFK in an "anonymous" book, *The Texas Mafia*. Instead, someone puts sodium morphate in his apple pie, and his files are burned, although some are retrieved.

May 28, 1972: First break-in at the Watergate. The object is to check on Onassis's two men at Democratic Party Headquarters, Larry O'Brien and R. Spencer Oliver. O'Brien's chief P.R. client has been "Hughes"; Oliver's father worked for Onassis. James W. McCord wiretaps the Democratic National Committee's phones. Oliver's phone is tapped.

Little does McCord know that "the plumbers" are being observed by a detective, who reports his operations by radio-phone, and the trap is set for the Watergaters when they return to remove their bugs and equipment.

June 17, 1972: The detective tapes the door lock at the Watergate, watches as security guard Frank Wills removes the tape and walks on; he *retapes* the lock. Wills sees the door taped again and goes across the street to call the police. McCord, Martinez, Sturgis, Baker and Gonzales are caught in the act. Liddy and Hunt, across the street, supervising via walkie-talkies, are not caught.

Time to burn files. Liddy has his secretary, Sally Harmony, shred The Gemstone File at CREEP.

John Dean cleans out Hunt's safe at the White House and gives Hunt's copy of The Gemstone File to L. Patrick Gray, acting FBI head. "Deep-six this—in the interest of national security. This should never see the light of day."

June 20, 1972: Chairman Larry O'Brien files a \$1-million suit against CREEP. This is a *big* mistake—for Francis L. Dale leads directly back to Onassis.

June 21, 1972: Eighteen-and-a-half minutes of White House tape is "accidentally" erased. Nixon is furious over the Watergate plumbers' arrests, can't figure out who has done it to him. *Who taped the door at the Watergate that led to the arrests?* The detective won't tell him. Nixon figures that it has to do somehow

with Roberts's running around Vancouver tracing the "Hughes" Mormon Mafia swindle of the Canadian Stock Exchange. The 18½ minutes is of Nixon raving about Canada's "asshole Trudeau," "asshole Roberts," Onassis, "Hughes" and Francis L. Dale. It simply can't be released.

1973: Lyndon Johnson has a sodium-morphate "heart attack" at his ranch on the Pedernales River. Among his last words: "You know, fellows, it really was a conspiracy. . . ."

January 1974: Stephen Bull's secretary, Beverly K., later hears the "erased" tape, stored in a locked room in the White House. She is horrified. She sends out some Christmas cards and notes to friends with depressing notations, and succumbs to a sodium-morphate "heart attack" at age 40 in a White House elevator outside the locked safe room where the tapes are stored.

June 30, 1974: Martin Luther King's mother is murdered by a black student, a self-declared follower of Hananiah Israel—"acting alone"—who is escorted to church by someone and who has a list of other black women as targets.

August 6, 1974: Nixon and Ford sign an agreement at the White House.

August 8, 1974: Nixon steps down and Ford steps up. And the cover-up continues.

September 8, 1974: Ford—from his position of trust—pardons Nixon for all crimes that he committed, or that he may have committed or was involved in "from July [i.e., January] 20, 1969, through August 9, 1974." (Ford makes a verbal error.)

Also 1974: Indictment against Hughes dropped when U.S. Attorney Devoe Heaton is told by the Justice Department to back off. Heaton proceeds anyway, and his second indictment is thrown out. Bahamas refuses to allow extradition of Hughes when the Securities and Exchange Commission tries again.

December 1974: Four targets are chosen by the international Mafia: Chou En-lai, Leonid Brezhnev, Bruce Roberts and Saudi Arabia's King Faisal. Chou En-lai has a heart attack.

Brezhnev schedules a meeting with Egypt's Anwar Sadat. A new "secret weapon" is apparently used: a speck of nickel dust, introduced somehow into Brezhnev's lymph system. It lodges in the cluster of lymph nodes over his heart and becomes coated with layers of phlegm; Brezhnev's lymphatic system cancels out; he gets the "flu," and the meeting with Sadat is canceled. Russian doctors X-ray him and find a lump in his

chest. Then they put him before a Kirlian camera and check his "aura" for cancer. No cancer. (Kirlian photography—the latest Russian diagnostic tool—reveals the presence of disease, physical or moral. It purportedly detects lies as well as cancer.) Brezhnev's "lump" is treated with radiation therapy; hence rumors that he has cancer.

March 1975: Onassis dies. The Mafia regroup itself.

South Vietnam's Nguyen Van Thieu, dubious about which way the Mafia cookie will crumble now that Onassis is dead, decides the time is right to split. He abandons the war effort, curses the U.S. and splits for Taiwan, his plane so overloaded with gold bullion that he has to dump some of it overboard.

CIA Chief William Colby, in a fit of spite, "leaks" the "stolen" story of the CIA-Hughes *Glomar Explorer's* raising of the bodies of drowned Russian sailors from their sunken nuclear submarine. Purpose: to distract the public from Onassis's death and the reshuffling of Mafia ownership.

Roberts gets the "Brezhnev flu" and spends two weeks at the University of California Hospital in San Francisco. Doctors there, without the Russian Kirlian-photography diagnostic technique, assume the softball-sized lump over his heart is cancer and attempt to treat it with radiation.

April 1975: The Cambodian domino falls over. Premier Lon Nol flees to a Hawaiian suburb.

May 5, 1975: An assassination attempt is made on Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia, who has recently received a Gemstone letter. Egypt's Sadat schedules a special meeting with Tito for May 29-30 in Belgrade to discuss the matter—just before Sadat's scheduled meeting in Austria with U.S. President Ford. A CIA kill team is in Belgrade, with instructions to assassinate Tito and Sadat should certain events take place.

June 1, 1975: President Ford falls down *Air Force One's* landing ramp on his way to meet Sadat—landing on all fours in a "perfect Moslem salute." He stumbles again. Sadat holds him up. Ford is scared. He knows—and Sadat knows—that Sadat had been the CIA target two days earlier. Sadat—and Egypt—get millions out of the meeting.

Tito cancels his meeting with Ford and goes hunting instead. Back in the States the Rockefeller Commission winds up its investigation of the CIA's illicit attempts on foreign heads of state, saying, "They may have made a few mistakes, but basically they're OK." 🐾

KINKY KORNER

by Parker Spirg

A crazy thing happened to me not long ago, and HUSTLER's readers might just get a charge out of it. One evening after work, while riding my Honda 350 down La Cienega Boulevard in Los Angeles, I pulled up to a light and glanced over at a white Mercedes idling next to me. A foxy-looking brunet wearing dark sunglasses was giving me the once-over, with a strange expression going on behind those shades. She seemed about 40, but she'd managed to hold on to her looks for the past few years instead of letting them go. I could see a tennis racket on the shelf under the rear windshield.

"Where ya goin'?" I asked her as my bike purred between my legs.

She smiled on one side of her face. The smile pushed a few lines of age against her cheekbone. Then without a word she took off for the next light.

I was smoked better than a ham—but with Colombian instead of hickory—so I was feeling crazy enough to think her smirk was a come-on. I zagged into her lane and followed her into a fancy high-rise down in Century City. She opened the doors to an underground garage without getting out of her car, pulled the Mercedes down the ramp and watched me in her mirror as I tagged along. My 350 cc's made the heavy concrete walls roar like a dragon getting ready to devour a wench.

I parked in a spot across from her and looked around. Most of them were empty, probably because the people living there had enough money to eat supper at nightclubs every evening. The lady slammed the door of her Mercedes and laughed in my direction, then sashayed to the elevator. Her tight little ass wiggled under a yellow skirt that hung to her knees, and if the bottom half of her legs was a clue to the top half, I'd found myself a racehorse. I strolled over to the elevator, hiked my Levi's and waited for it with her. She jiggled her keys. Finding the longest one, she stroked it a couple of times. Rigor mor-

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



RICH BITCH

tis immediately set in between my legs.

The elevator swooshed open, and we stepped in. The building was no dump, let me tell you. The elevator was paved with carpeting that swallowed every sound—except for a violin version of "That'll Be the Day" piped in through the ceiling. No doubt Buddy Holly was turning over in his grave.

As we moved up, I started thinking, *What the fuck am I doing?* A grease monkey like me follows this fancy bitch home to her high-rise, wearing a dirty Willie & Waylon T-shirt, sitting on a beat-up motorcycle, without an invitation. And now she wouldn't even look at me. She just watched the floor numbers and ignored the shit out of me. For all I

knew, she was some Mafia asshole's old lady, and as soon as I stepped off the elevator, five goons with white ties and feet as big as Clydesdales were going to stomp me into the rug so bad the cleaning lady'd have to sop me up with a sponge and a roll of paper towels.

The door swished open on a hallway that would've made an undertaker jealous. The rug was as thick as a rare steak and just as red. The purple-and-black wallpaper must've been designed in some faggot's wet dream. The doors were redder than the carpeting. I said to myself, "Parker, you crazy fucker, that shit you've been smoking must be loaded with paraquat; the fuses are gonna burn out any second, and this delicious bitch is gonna melt away like ice cream."

But I was still feeling just crazy enough to stroll down that silent hallway like a Mickey Spillane detective until the woman in the white Mercedes stopped at a door and poked a key into it. When she pushed it open, I wasn't sure what to do at first. She glanced at me and nodded inside, so I stepped into her apartment. She shut the door behind us.

I was standing in the kind of room you see in fancy store windows. The furniture looked rich. Even a gross fucker like me knows class when he sees it, and this place had class. The lights of L.A. blazed beyond the big picture window, fading off into the haze. I turned to my hostess as she peeled off her sunglasses and shook her hair loose around her shoulders.

Now I could see that she'd never see 45 again. Her eyes gave her away, and that musta been why she'd kept her glasses on even after the sun went down. But that doesn't mean she didn't look good. No, sir. I would've laid ten miles of cable through Death Valley just to hear her fart over the phone.

She put her hands on her hips and said, "You look like the kind of man who never mistreats a woman." I didn't answer that, so she drifted over to a

wooden bar that must've taken quite a chunk out of a redwood, then asked me, "What's your poison, cowboy?"

"Cowboy?" That's all I said. I wasn't going to make a scene out of it. She smiled at me some more. "I'm drinking scotch and water," she said.

"Don't put water in mine," I said. "Where's yer pisser, lady?"

She smiled at that and nodded toward the other room. "Back through there."

I walked into a room with more brass and porcelain than a junk shop. The wallpaper was covered with pudgy nudes and Cupids and shit like that. The toilet seat had about three cats' worth of black fur on it. On the wall I saw a framed photo of a familiar-looking broad with her arm around a familiar pretty boy. Now I'm old enough to remember Eisenhower, so I recognized both of these people as B-movie actors from the late '50s. The woman, I suddenly realized, was a younger version of the gal waiting for me in the other room.

Just looking at her delicious bod in that picture made me want to do the five-knuckle shuffle right there. So I left the door wide open, whipped out the old dork and pissed straight past the fur into the water with as much pressure as I could muster. I wanted that stream of piss to sound like Niagara Falls in the dead of night, and I wanted this washed-up actress to say to herself, "Here's a man with a ramrod cock and a bucket of balls!" I wanted her to know that her money, looks and class didn't mean shit when it came to me.

I zipped up my fly and headed back to my hostess. She handed me a drink and said, "How do you like my place, cowboy?"

"It'll do."

She put the smirk back on. "I haven't worked a day in years, cowboy. I used to be a top actress in films, and now I live like a princess." She looked around the room. "Nice place, right? And men take me to the best clubs in town and buy me the best clothes. One of my boyfriends flew me to Puerto Vallarta last weekend, and to Rio the week before that. What were you doing—tucking your thumbs in your belt to impress the queers up on Hollywood Boulevard?"

I just looked at her hard.

She purred and fingered my belt. "Hmmm, I know you hate the idea of some people drinking wine while others drink piss."

I ain't a Communist, but I said, "Yeah, goddamnit, the rich oughta be lined up and shot!"

She pouted a little and peered into my eyes. "That's a bit *too* much. Why not

just humiliate the rich for having more than you. For hogging it all for themselves. I'm rich; you gonna kill me?"

I drank in those classy good looks and said, "I might spare you."

She stepped closer and wrapped her perfume around me. "Good. All you got to do is humiliate me, bring me down, knock me off my high horse... 'cause, cowboy, I really think you're nothing but dirt."

I didn't say anything. She called me other names—worm, maggot, shit under her feet—then led me to her bedroom. She opened a closet and brought out a line of white cord. She squinted at me. "If you've got any balls at all, you'll humiliate the hell out of me. You'll tie me up and do things to me and make me do things to you. You'll drag me through the mud, cowboy, and make me grovel at your feet." She was breathing hard now, and her hot breath in my face got me excited. "Well, c'mon; or aren't you man enough for me?" Suddenly she threw me a disgusted look and turned away. "You're all the same—gutless wonders. The fat cats castrated you a long time ago!"

That was it, goddamnit! I spun that bitch around and slapped her across the room. She tumbled over a chair and landed with her legs up in the air and her dress falling over her thighs. A trickle of blood appeared at the side of her mouth, but she kept taunting me. I tossed her around the room some more. Tossed some furniture too.

After a minute or two her clothes lay all around the room in shreds. I tore off her bra and watched her dark little nipples poke out at me like pistols. Then I grabbed the cord she'd taken out of the closet and tied her over the chair until she couldn't move. Her ass stuck straight up on the back of the chair. I peeled her pantyhose down to her knees and caught a good whiff of trapped tiger smell. This bitch was ready. I gazed into that wealthy, classy, high-cheeked ass and then I slapped it red. Red as her carpet, ready for me to enter. All the while she was calling me everything but a white man.

I jerked down my Levi's and whipped out my equipment and grabbed her by the thighs and jammed my dick in her ass and kept ramming it until her groans filled my head. I was fucking the world, the fat cats, the snooty bitches, the models in magazines, everybody. The place started to shake and roar. Suddenly I realized we were the ones who were roaring. The room took a couple of spins and threw me on my ass.

I lay there for a while, panting and sweating. I looked at her strung over

that chair with her ass in the air, and she peeked over the arm at me, helpless, hog-tied and barely able to move, whispering, "I love you, baby; I love you; don't leave me" and shit like that. "I'll do anything you ask," she told me. "Please don't leave me." Her words gushed out like water. She pleaded, debased herself, asked me to shit on her, and I said to myself, "Fucker, you might just have something here."

After I caught my breath and worked up another hard-on, I grabbed her by the hair and dorked her mouth for a half-hour. She loved it, worshipped the thing as if it were a primitive god. Finally, I creamed her face, reeled away and fell exhausted on the bed. "Wow!" I said to the ceiling. "I need another joint." I got up and jumped into my pants. There was some Colombian stashed in a secret spot on my bike.

"No, don't go," she begged me from her position on the chair. Her skin turned white where she strained against the cords.

I zipped up. "Don't worry, babe, I'll be right back, and we'll get back to business. I'm gonna make you miserable."

"I love you," she said.

"I'm gonna fill every hole you got."


"Yes, yes," she breathed.

"But first I gotta smoke my head a little bit." I looked at her once more, strapped so helplessly to the chair, looking so good. And all mine. My personal slave. I had all sorts of things planned for us. But first I hurried down the elevator to the underground garage, to my bike, to my stash. I jumped back into that elevator, thinking of all the delicious things I was gonna do with that snooty bitch. I started to punch the floor button.

But then I thought, *What floor does she live on?* I seemed to remember it was either the eighth or tenth floor. Or maybe the 18th—810, 818, 808? 1008, 1010? I punched number 8 and checked that floor. The doors were all red. I checked 10, and it looked exactly the same. I went through the halls checking to see what door was unlocked, because I did have sense enough to leave it unlocked. But I wasn't sure what floor it was on anymore.

One time some dude poked his head out and glared at me. I said, "Asshole, how'd you like me to force-feed this rug into yer mouth?" He slammed his door.

So I hurried downstairs. I couldn't get my head straight anymore, and trying to think of room numbers was too much hassle for my foggy brain. Me and my Honda just drove off into the night.

I've lost a lot of pussy, but that's the first time I ever mislaid any. 

CAPTAIN CRUNCH

(continued from page 52)

I entertain a paranoid fantasy that every hotel and motel in Los Angeles is onto Crunch's bag of telephonic tricks and, as a consequence, he'll have to spend the night at my place.

"I'll drive all night if I have to," I say through clenched teeth. "I've got \$20. That should be enough."

I finally find a place on Santa Monica that seems open for business and looks as though a room will cost under \$19. I pound on the door for several minutes until a blear-eyed Arab opens it. I ask for a single. The manager looks at me bewildered, sticky sleep glued to the corners of his eyes. "The money? You got it?" he asks suspiciously.

"How much?"

"\$18.76," he replies in perfect English, as I'd expected.

"Does it have a phone?" Crunch chimes in.

"No, sir. Pay phone there," says the Arab, pointing to a booth.

"He'll take it," I yell out, and turning to Crunch I hiss, "Just shut up! Who do you have to call at this hour?! I'll pick you up at 11 tomorrow."

Captain Crunch is an addict. Instead of being strung out on dope, however, he is hooked on the crackle and beep of telephone lines. Small wonder that his 1972 conviction didn't straighten him out. Rather, he kept phreaking, although he says he has avoided using the blue box. In 1975 Crunch found the code giving him access to the phone company's auto-verify circuit, which allows a phone to be tapped. Somehow the code was released to the phone phreaks—Crunch claims it was done by an unethical, low-level phreak—and shortly it became a game among the many phreaks to listen in on the San Francisco FBI office, the Federal Communications Commission, various police calls and even the CIA.

During this same period Crunch managed to obtain a copy of the operating manual for the National Crime Information Center computer. The manual had "everything I needed to know to get into NCIC," Crunch says, although he vows he has never tapped into it. Regardless, the FBI was interested, since the computer contains all of the information ever gathered about anyone—criminals and noncriminals—by the FBI, and Crunch had a computer terminal hooked into a master computer. The terminal in his possession, he says, was for legitimate use—he was working for an independent firm as a "computer

programmer/systems analyst."

As with his first bust, Crunch claims to have been set up by a phone-phreak-turned-informer-and-provocateur for the FBI, which allegedly gave the informer a blue box with which to entrap Crunch. Captain Crunch claims that the entrapment worked, and in 1976 he was indicted a second time. Since he was still on probation, he made a deal with the FBI to supply them with all the information he had. The FBI rented a hotel suite and interviewed him from four to six hours a day for five days. Crunch is proud that he went the distance without snitching on a single phreak.

Due to his cooperation, the judge sentenced Crunch to four months instead of the five years he could have gotten.

Crunch did his time at the Federal Correctional Institution in Lompoc, California, a minimum-security facility where Nixon's former chief of staff, H. R. Haldeman, currently resides. While incarcerated, Crunch was periodically tormented by the inmates, who would blow smoke in his face while threatening to give him a "blanket party" if he didn't teach them how to make free telephone calls. Being allergic to cigarette smoke, Crunch naturally obliged them.

"I can't take it," says Crunch's voice over the telephone the following morning at 9:30. "There's no phone in here. I'm checking out. If I don't, I'll go crazy."

His last sentence makes me feel as pleased, I imagine, as a sadist with his pleading slave.

In 25 minutes Crunch arrives at the office, and no sooner does he arrive than I drag him off to another motel—the Tropicana, rumored to be the scene of Janis Joplin's last big night. I register him again—he gets his own phone, although I don't clue him in that he's got to go through the motel switchboard—and tell him that I'll pick him up after lunch.

When I return, Crunch is not in his room. I find him lying spread-eagled beside the pool. His shirt is off, and the bright sun only makes his skin look ghostlier. Even the three or four homosexuals around the pool seem to be making a concerted effort to avoid looking in his direction.

After Crunch settles in at our offices, the first thing he asks for is a telephone, a request that creates some warranted nervousness among those present. He is promptly dissuaded (the time is running late), the tape recorder is flipped on, and he begins his revelations, which may not

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bode particularly well for America:

"The telephone company has 722 security agents with certain wiretapping privileges, and perhaps as many as 90,000 employees involved in monitoring calls. No court orders are necessary for "mechanical or service quality-control checks" or "the protection of rights or property"—a vague clause used as an excuse for blanket monitoring on the grounds that the phone company alleges you are ripping them off.

*Roughly 70 percent [*Editor's Note: An AT&T spokesman claims only 12 percent*] of the phone company's security force has at one time worked for a law-enforcement agency, including the FBI, leading one to speculate about the possible ties these agents still maintain with their previous employers.

*Between 1964 and 1970, 1.8 million phone calls were recorded (out of the 30 million calls electronically monitored during the first minute of the call) to determine if any of them were of blue-box origin.

*For years now the National Security Agency has been monitoring microwave communications in this country. Computers have been programmed to listen for key words, such as *cocaine, dope, conspiracy*. When a coded word is registered during a monitored conversation, the

computer will start taping the call.

"When all of the new telephone systems are implemented, the police will get instant identification of your phone number when you call them—or when you call the White House or a prominent figure.

*But the most frightening invention to come along, claims Crunch, is REMOB (or remote observation). Anyone with the proper code will be able to monitor calls from anywhere in the country, while also holding the power to censor the call. Furthermore, no existing form of telephone communication—trunk line, microwave or satellite—can escape the remote-observation system.

"REMOB will create 1984," Crunch says. "The phone company will provide the government with the proper access codes." Most Americans will say that since they're not criminals, they have nothing to hide, which is true. However, they stand to lose their right to privacy and their right to talk to friends and relatives—often about private matters no other person has a right to hear. The question is, do Americans want their private sex lives or business dealings known by various federal agencies?

Fearing such a potential for abuse with REMOB, Crunch recently called a press conference in New York in order

to warn the public. In short order the phone company received its equal time and denied the existence of such a taping/censoring device. "But with everything I know about the phone network, and all of the verifications I've done on this REMOB, I feel that it does exist," states Crunch.

* * *

While completing this profile, I received a telephone call, and subsequent letter, from Crunch. This telephone addict—who no doubt has logged countless thousands of hours hunting for information in Ma Bell's spider-web network—had been busted again. Under a questionable Pennsylvania law, Crunch was found in violation of a prohibition against "manufacturing, distribution or possession of a device capable of theft of telecommunications services."

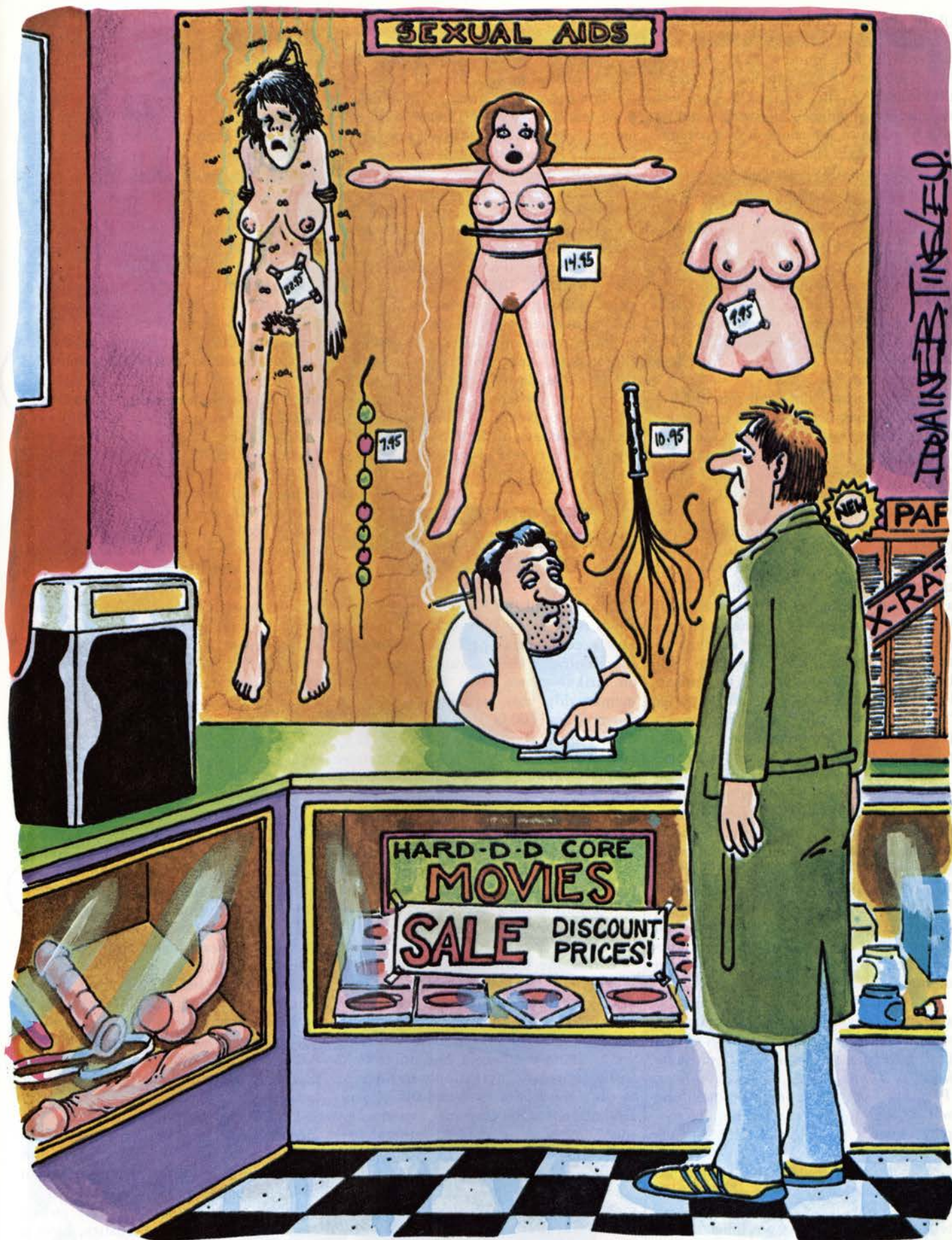
Crunch owned a simple home computer, called the Apple II, which he had programmed to systematically dial every possible telephone number and "listen" for any unusual tones a given number might produce. Having a computer do this is not illegal, claims Crunch. But the Pennsylvania law stipulates that it is. The irony here is that a cassette recorder (because its tape can contain "tones" needed to obtain free calls) and a home organ (because it can produce the tones) are also capable of "theft of phone-company services" and are therefore technically illegal to own under this Quaker State law.

At any rate, Crunch found that a simple home computer could turn up 15 computer accesses at Moffett Naval Air Base, access to the Federal Telephone System (a federally used network), access to Comsat (Communications satellite), more than 100 computer accesses in Washington, D.C., alone, and the White House and CIA hot lines. These were discovered in three short weeks by running the computer for only eight hours each evening.

During one of his trial runs Crunch found an unusual number, which he didn't recognize. He dialed the number 50 times in an attempt to find out what it was, eventually giving up to pursue more productive work, he points out. Subsequently, he came to believe it was a remote-observation (REMOB) access. During his preliminary hearing the phone company mentioned that he was trying to gain access to a secret number.

Late in the summer of 1978—before his trial—Crunch testified about REMOB before the Government Operations Subcommittee on Freedom of Information and Privacy, chaired by Representative Paul N. McCloskey, Jr.





"That? Oh, that's for necrophiliacs."

(Republican-California). Even though Crunch feels he had trouble convincing the staff he had found a REMOB number, Representative McCloskey wrote the following about him: "... In our search for a balance between privacy and freedom of information in the computer field, I am frank to say that John's advice is probably more valuable than any other witness we have had the privilege to hear."


Crunch is modest about his achievements, however. "I didn't use super talent or super genius. All I did was program a simple home computer," he says. "If I had thought of turning it on the Soviet Embassy, I'm sure it would have found out a lot of interesting stuff. The possibilities with home computers are unlimited."

But the harm from such possibilities worries Crunch. In prison—if he doesn't win an appeal—it will be only a matter of time before he is forced to give up his "new" information to his fellow prisoners, as was the case during his previous incarceration.

"So, in the next few months Apple Computer will be getting about 500 orders from underground types, and shortly *all* secret phone numbers will be available," he predicts. Computers will be quietly penetrated, money will get transferred from one bank account to another, and intelligence secrets will become public domain. In an attempt to lock up one Captain Crunch, he says, "they will eventually release many people with my information, who are more criminally inclined than I could ever be."

And this is the enigma of Captain Crunch. Should he be locked up only to have all of this data extracted by criminals? Should he be hired by the phone company or federal government to make these "questionable" systems, such as REMOB, impenetrable? Is Crunch being locked up because his acts were criminal—he's never made money from his information—or because the information he uncovered makes him dangerous politically?

It's difficult to understand a man who spends nearly all of his time dealing with electronics to the exclusion of virtually everything else simply because he finds it a challenge, a labor of love. True, he has his moments when one wants to strangle him. But he also displays a basic emotional frailty that we each possess.

As John Draper told me: "Sometimes I have problems relating. Maybe it's because I have associated with these intellectual phreaks for so long that I haven't had much chance to deal with real-life people." 

POLITICS OF COAL

(continued from page 68)

was acquitted in May 1975.)

The Brookside miners' dissatisfactions leading up to the strike were numerous. Many of the miners lived in company houses with little or no plumbing, while drinking water was contaminated with fecal material. They worked in a mine that in 1972 (the year before the strike) had an injury rate nearly double the national average of 45.4 per million man-hours. They worked for \$25 a day compared to the UMW scale of approximately \$45 a day, wages the miners deemed barely adequate.

Some frame of reference is given to the strikers' anger when you consider the fact that Eastover Mining Company is, in turn, owned by the Duke Power Company of North Carolina, which had reported assets of \$2.9 billion and in 1973, the first year of the strike, enjoyed \$96 million in profits.

THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA: ON THE ROCKS?

The heyday of the United Mine Workers of America—when its head, John L. Lewis, could make presidents shiver by threatening to call his rank and file out on strike—seems gone forever. UMW membership now stands at 293,000, down from 600,000 in Lewis's time. Today only about 50 percent of U.S. coal is mined under UMW contracts—down 20 percent from just five years ago.

Over the years the UMW, like the miners themselves, has been at the mercy of the boom/bust ebbs and flows of the coal market. When coal prices plummeted in the '50s and '60s, the UMW pulled back and cut its losses in Harlan County and other coal-producing areas.

Under the leadership of Tony Boyle (1963-1972) the UMW became a hotbed of corruption, and the most notoriously dictatorial union in America. The union began signing "sweetheart" contracts with mining companies, and union field workers became increasingly indifferent to the demands of rank-and-file miners. Resentment over this still smolders in the memory of many older miners.

Under UMW President Arnold Miller—a former rank-and-file miner who himself suffers from black lung—a more democratic spirit has pervaded the union. But that's one of the few positive things that can be said. Lacking the charisma of the late John L. Lewis, or

the dictatorial guile of Tony Boyle, Miller has recently faced a severe crisis in confidence. In June 1977 he was re-elected to the presidency by only a 5-percent margin in a three-way race.

By early 1977 the UMW's health and retirement funds were almost depleted—some say due to poor management and bookkeeping. When some medical benefits were curtailed in the summer of 1977, ten weeks of wildcat strikes further reduced the funds. (Strategically, the highly unpopular benefit cuts were announced just six days after Miller's reelection to a five-year term. Though Miller claimed to have had no previous knowledge of the impending cuts, *Coal Patrol*, a widely respected coalfield publication, reported that the actual decision to reduce the benefits was made some time previous to Miller's reelection.)

All of this was closely followed in December 1977 by the UMW national strike. (The 160,000 working UMW miners walked out over wages, benefit cuts and the right to strike individual mines while a national agreement is in effect provided that a majority of a local's rank and file approve the action.) With the steel industry—a major coal consumer—in recession, with many other industries holding huge coal stockpiles and with most non-UMW mines in full swing, many agree that the strike was probably futile at first, but ultimately effective.

SAFETY IN THE MINES: TRADING HUMAN LIVES FOR COAL

Almost since coal mining became a major industry in the early 1900s, America has been trading human lives for coal—burning up people to make electricity. During this century more than 100,000 men have been killed in mining accidents, and more than a million others disabled. Since 1970 an estimated 125,000 have been injured. Statistics compiled by the National Safety Council show underground coal mining to be the most dangerous profession in America, with a fatality and permanent-disability rate higher than any other industry.

In 1976, on a nationwide basis, 141 miners were killed (111 law-enforcement officers were killed that year), and 13,944 suffered disabling injuries. In 1977 another 139 miners died.

Mine owners and operators, when confronted with such statistics, have a tendency to look beyond them and ques-

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Honey

LIFE IS ALWAYS POPPING HONEY ON THE KISSER WITH BIG SURPRISES. JUST A SHORT TIME AGO, SHE FOUND SHE WAS **PREGNANT!** WHAT NEXT, GOD?

TEXT: BRUCE NETHERCUT. ART: BRIAN FORBES.

ONE SATURDAY MORNING, WHILE HONEY IS RELAXING AROUND HER APARTMENT...

...SHE'S PUTTING ON QUITE A SHOW FOR AN UNINVITED GUEST!

HOW ARE WE DOING TODAY, KIDS? FREDDY, YOU'RE LOOKING KIND OF DROOPY THERE.

WELL, I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT WILL SNAP ANY FERN TO ATTENTION!

THE INTRUDER TIPTOES ACROSS THE FLOOR TO MAKE HONEY AN OFFER SHE'D BETTER NOT REFUSE!



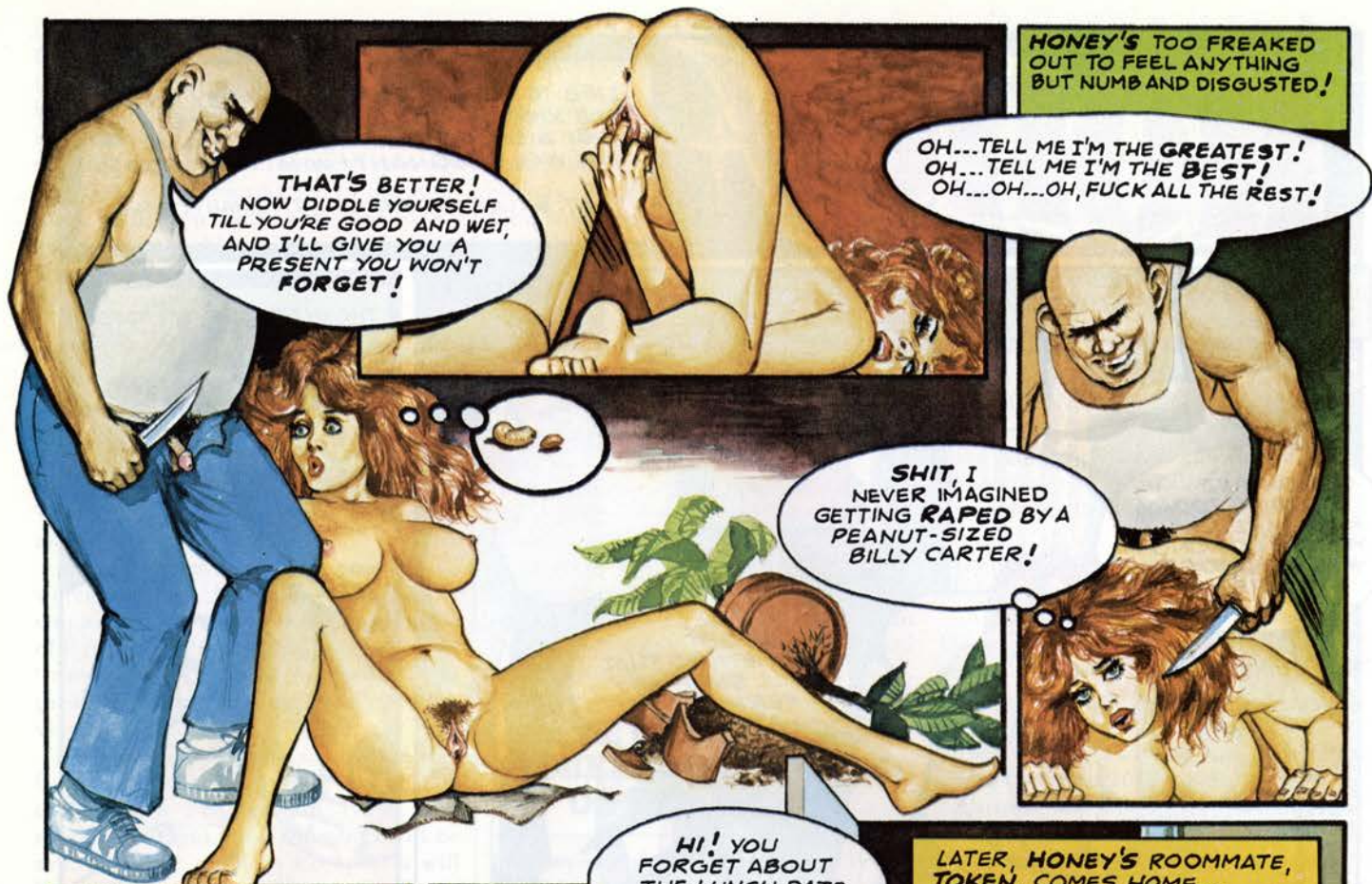
HONEY'S NOT ABOUT TO GO DOWN WITHOUT A STRUGGLE!

GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE! I'M GOING TO SCREAM!

YOU DO THAT AND I'LL SLICE OFF YOUR NOSE! NOW BE A GOOD GIRL AND TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES!

YOU THINK I'M SHITTIN', KITTEN?





THAT'S BETTER!
NOW DIDDLE YOURSELF
TILL YOU'RE GOOD AND WET,
AND I'LL GIVE YOU A
PRESENT YOU WON'T
FORGET!

HONEY'S TOO FREAKED
OUT TO FEEL ANYTHING
BUT NUMB AND DISGUSTED!

OH...TELL ME I'M THE GREATEST!
OH...TELL ME I'M THE BEST!
OH...OH...OH, FUCK ALL THE REST!

SHIT, I
NEVER IMAGINED
GETTING RAPED BY A
PEANUT-SIZED
BILLY CARTER!

HI! YOU
FORGET ABOUT
THE LUNCH DATE
WE MADE?

THEN IT'S OVER...
AND HE'S GONE AS
QUICKLY AS HE CAME!

BYE, BYE,
MISS AMERICAN
PIE! HEH! HEH!

HONEY
TRIES TO WIPE
OUT ANY LINGERING
TRACES!

WELL, AT
LEAST I CAN'T
GET PREGNANT
FROM THAT TWERP!
SOMEONE ELSE
BEAT HIM TO IT!

LATER, HONEY'S ROOMMATE,
TOKEN, COMES HOME...

YEAH...
I GUESS SO...
I'M NOT TOO
HUNGRY
ANYWAY.

TOKEN KNOWS
HONEY'S HEALTHY
APPETITE BETTER
THAN THAT—
SOMETHING IS
WRONG!

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOU?!

OH,
NOTHING... AN
ACCIDENT...
NOTHING AT
ALL.



LATER, HONEY IS BACK AT THE CLUB. THOUGH HER HEART ISN'T IN THE SHOW, THE MORE VISIBLE PARTS OF HER ANATOMY ARE!

I GOT A TENSPOUT FOR THAT FURRY HONEYPOT!

IF ANYTHING BRINGS OUT THE STAR IN HONEY, IT'S THE OFFER OF A LITTLE EXTRA MONEY. IT'S NOT UNTIL SHE GETS A CLOSE-UP THAT SHE NOTICES THE MAN'S GOLD-TOOTHED SMILE...AND HIS WAY WITH VERSE.

HOLD STILL FOR THE BILL, JILL!

BEING THE OLD PRO THAT SHE IS, HONEY GOES ON WITH HER ACT, BUT SETS HER SCHEME IN MOTION...

SHAKE IT, SIS!

I WANNA MAKE A DEPOSIT!

...AND VOILA!!

TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE, IN THAT TACKY DISGUISE!

BOP!!

KICK ME NEXT!

THE LONG LEG OF THE STRIPPER AND THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW COMBINE TO HAUL IN YET ANOTHER SEXUALLY REPRESSED SOUL!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, LIEUTENANT COLOMBIAN?

JUST GETTING A LOAD OF YOUR VICE VERSE, SO TO SPEAK!

POLITICS OF COAL

(continued from page 102)

tion the integrity or competence of those who compiled them; to miners they reflect the general unconcern for safety and human lives that has persisted through the years.

When disaster strikes in the coal fields, it often strikes in a big way. The history of mining is full of tragic incidents. One of the first was in 1907, when 362 miners were killed at Monongah, West Virginia. (That year 3,242 miners died.) In recent years tragedies have persisted: 38 killed at Hyden, Kentucky, December 1970; 125 residents killed when a company-built dam collapsed near a mine at Buffalo Creek, West Virginia, February 1972; nine killed at Blacksville, West Virginia, July 1972; five killed at Itmann, West Virginia, December 1972; 26 killed in two separate explosions at Scotia, Kentucky, March 1976; nine killed at Tower City, Pennsylvania, March 1977; four killed at Saint Charles, Virginia, July 1977.

The job of enforcing existing mine-safety laws lies with a federal bureaucracy called the Mining Enforcement and Safety Administration (MESA). But the routine citations and subsequent fines it imposes on negligent mine operators are often mere exercises in wrist-slapping. One UMW spokesman, clearly disappointed with the current enforcement of safety standards, states: "The history of MESA's safety-enforcement division makes it crystal-clear that the law has no teeth."

"Some coal companies still don't care what it takes, as long as they get production," adds UMW organizer Lee Potter. "They could care less how much blood's on a ton of coal."

"I like t' smother t' death here sometimes. I'm s'posed t' get oxygen, but they cut that [UMW medical benefit] out. They plumb stopped it now. [He coughs.] You choke down here [he gestures high in his chest], 'n' ya can't get no air. My daughter only lives three houses down the road, but sometimes I got t' stop 'n' rest two-three times 'fore I get there."—Daniel Hall

A lot of older miners have little trouble recalling the days when coal-company doctors told them coal dust was good for them. (It helped filter the other poisons out of their lungs, they were told.)

Fortunately, in more recent years black lung has come to be regarded as a disease directly linked to the dusty conditions of the coal mines. But by the

time this shift in medical opinion came about, nearly 250,000 men were gasping, half-dead victims of this dreaded respiratory disorder. By 1977 the federal government was paying more than \$1 billion a year in black-lung benefits to nearly 460,000 disabled miners or their survivors.

Though numerous federal regulations now exist to alleviate the choking, blinding dust levels that were once a part of everyday life down in the mines, many people are certain that the hazardous conditions that cause black lung are still widely prevalent.

"When I send my research teams out," says Welby G. Courtney of the U.S. Interior Department's Mining and Safety Research Center, "the impression they bring back is that only 25 percent of the mines are meeting the standards. People are still getting black lung in the mines."

WAY DOWN IN THE MINES...

Finally, after hearing endless tales of violence, black lung, death and disaster, I am given the opportunity to pay a firsthand visit to a coal mine. At the Eastover Highsplint Mine, I change into coveralls, heavy boots, a helmet with a headlamp, and a belt with a self-rescue breathing apparatus attached—the miner's standard uniform. I stand around and wait as the first shift comes off duty. Their eyes are glazed with weariness, and their faces and coveralls are coated with coal dust. The second-shift men look only a little less dusty as they bum cigarettes from each other and clutch their lunch pails and Thermoses while they wait to go to work.

As I ride into the portal in the small electric shuttle car, I must bend almost double to keep from scraping my helmet against the rock ceiling. Moving 20 to 25 miles an hour down the narrow-gauge rail tracks, we are soon swallowed up in what one miner calls "the darkest dark they is." An occasional rat scurries under the conveyer belt, and the only illumination is from the headlamps and the lights on the shuttle car.

Deep in the bowels of the mine, nearly a mile and a half back into the mountain, men run continuous miners, huge electric machines that rip coal from the seam at the rate of 700 to 800 tons a shift. Up near the face of the seam, as the coal is freshly ripped out, the walls and ceiling pop and crackle under the pressure of the millions of tons of rock and earth lying above.

The particular seam we are in is only 42 inches high—"low coal." A man working in such a seam is not afforded

the pleasure of standing straight for an entire eight-hour shift.

Miners at Highsplint (which operates under the Southern Labor Union, a rival of the UMW that offers higher pay and fewer benefits) make up to \$72 a shift, and with overtime and double-time can possibly earn as much as \$25,000 to \$30,000 a year. But after only a couple of hours I realize that they earn every penny of it. Already my thigh and back muscles ache from all the stooping, and my throat, nostrils and socks feel full of coal dust. As we climb back into the shuttle car and head for the portal, I'm glad to get back out into the freezing night air.

"Them people [at the Justus Mine in Stearns, Kentucky] ain't got no business runnin' a coal mine. Them executives down there don't know their ass from a hole in the ground about coal minin'. . . . If you reported a violation to the safety inspector, nine out of ten times he'd go to the office and tell 'em who told him. For a while there somebody was callin' the mine inspectors on 'em. They told us if we were ever caught callin' the inspectors, they was gonna fire us!"—Stanley Worley, an on-strike Stearns miner arrested for illegal picketing

McCreary County, Kentucky, lies against the Tennessee state line, some 75 miles west of Harlan. Like Harlan, it is a dry county. On a Sunday morning practically the only things open are the small Baptist and Pentecostal churches.

Since July 1976 the miners at Stearns have remained on strike despite a national settlement. They walked off the job when management refused to sign the UMW contract for which they had voted. Since the strike began, Stearns has been the scene of some of the most violent confrontations the eastern Kentucky coalfields have seen since the Brookside strike.

Like the miners at Brookside, the Stearns miners were tired of lax enforcement of safety regulations. Prior to the strike, two serious accidents occurred in the Justus Mine that the miners attribute directly to company negligence. One miner was killed in a rockfall under a roof section that the miners claim had been faulty for weeks, and that had been reported numerous times before the tragedy took place. In another accident 19 men were injured—one of them paralyzed for life—when an electrified rail car carrying personnel into the mine lost its brakes and crashed.

Over the first six months of 1976, before the miners went on strike, the Justus Mine was written up for a total of 98 safety violations by MESA. (This con-

stituted a total of nearly \$9,000 in fines.)

Since the miners walked out, the mine entrance has been the scene of countless shoot-outs and skirmishes as the miners—and, in some cases, their wives—have battled with both security guards and state police. In early October 1977 the miners had it out with 80 state troopers, dressed in full riot gear, who were there to enforce a court injunction forbidding the strikers to block the mine entrance. Seventy-eight miners were arrested and numerous men on both sides were injured. In 1977 seven persons at Stearns were wounded by gunfire.

"They call 'em scabs, but actually speakin' I wouldn't even call 'em that, 'cause a scab is a place that comes on a sore that shows a sign it's healin'. To me a man who would go in and take a man's job like that is somethin' worsen' off. I honestly believe that if a person like that was t' die 'n' go to hell, they wouldn't even want him down there, 'cause they'd be afraid he'd be gonna try t' bootleg ice water!"—Daniel Hall, Jr., miner son of Daniel Hall

The next day I call the Knoxville headquarters of the Blue Diamond Coal Company, which owns the Stearns Justus Mine. Representatives of the company—which reportedly has a net

worth of \$65 million, and sells \$30 million worth of coal annually—decline to comment on the strike.

Despite its vast holdings, it turns out that in the past Blue Diamond's poor safety record has cost it some lucrative contracts. In August 1973 the U.S. Department of Labor banned any government agency from buying coal from Blue Diamond for three years.

Blue Diamond also owns and operates the Scotia Mine at Oven Fork, Kentucky, where, in March 1976, 26 men (including two inspectors from the Mining Enforcement and Safety Administration) were killed in two methane-gas explosions. That is the mine where, over a six-year period prior to the tragedy, 854 safety violations had been cited by MESA.

In 1977 MESA prepared a report that supposedly it had turned up "at least a dozen" violations of federal safety regulations that may have contributed to the blasts. According to reports in the November 8, 1977, edition of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, Blue Diamond officials, with the help of a federal judge in Catlettsburg, Kentucky, managed to get a temporary ban on the publication of the MESA report, which they called "biased and inaccurate."

Early the next afternoon I go up the

road to the Stearns mine. Near the entrance is a traffic barricade and a small guardhouse buttressed with sandbags. The guard, wearing a heavy army fatigue coat, is a young fellow, tall and muscular, with long hair and a beard. He is carrying a walkie-talkie and has a .357 Magnum strapped to his hip.

"Any shootin' lately?" I ask.

"No." He shakes his head, and shifts his weight restlessly from one foot to the other. "I'd rather they would shoot; it'd help pass the time."

There is an eight-foot fence around the mine offices. Inside, another armed guard meets me. The outside walls of the office building are riddled with thousands of bullet holes. Inside, there are hundreds of more bullet holes in walls, doors, file cabinets and desks. There is also a rack containing a dozen or so high-powered rifles and shotguns.

"We had one guard who got injured while he was sittin' at that table there, eatin'. A bullet came through and hit him in the face," says Theodore Bryant, a purchasing agent who turns out to be the only company spokesman available to speak to me. "There was another guard shot in the leg right out front here; another got shot right on that walkway over there."

Bryant routinely denies the striking miners' charges of unsafe conditions and lax enforcement of safety regulations in the mine. He claims that all of the accidents the miners have mentioned—including the fatal rockfall and the 19-man shuttle-car accident mentioned earlier—were the result of human error, not safety violations. "Your mine is only about as safe as your employees are," he adds. "I guess we've got one of the best safety records you'll find in this area. Why don't you ask some of the boys?"

Kelly Barnett is one of the handful of miners who has not honored the Stearns strike. (Though the mine is not producing coal, enough men have crossed the picket lines to allow maintenance work to continue.) He knows that in many quarters he is a hated man. Sometimes the police escort him home from work at night. He feels the Justus Mine is safe enough, and he wants nothing to do with either the strike or the UMW.

"They [the UMW] strike too much for me," he says. "They're on strike about an average of one out of every three weeks. Like, when I worked over at Scotia, you could tell which ones worked under the UMW and which ones didn't. The nonunion miners had newer cars and all, and the UMW people were livin' from day to day."

"A lot of 'em [strikers] just don't want
(continued on page 115)



POLITICS OF COAL

(continued from page 108)

to work," he adds. "They just wanta stay at home and draw their hundred dollars a week and get food stamps."

As I drive back down the winding road, around several sharp curves, there is a surprise waiting for me back near the picket shack. About 200 roving UMW strikers, many of them from other counties, have gathered, and they are spoiling for action. Dressed in hard hats, football and motorcycle helmets and heavy work boots, they are wielding baseball bats and pickax handles. They have come to finish what the Stearns strikers started; they have come to shut down the mine.

As my car comes abreast of them, they surge into the road and block the way. After I stop, they lean over the hood and pile against the doors. I roll down the window, and about five of them try to stick their heads in at once.

"Hey, buddy! Where ya goin'? Ya a miner? Ya a *scab*? ... If ya got some identification, ya better get it out—*quick*!"

They finally let me pass, and I park the car and get out. As I walk through the crowd, I can feel 200 sets of suspicious eyes on me and my cassette tape recorder. (I am the only person wearing corduroy pants and tennis shoes.) One miner turns to me and asks in a slightly menacing voice, "What d'ya think of the UMW, buddy?"

"Oh," I tell him, "it's great!"

Before long another car comes barreling down the road toward the mine. When the strikers block its path, the vehicle screeches to a halt.

"Where ya goin', buddy?"

"What are ya sons of bitches doin'?! You ain't supposed to be here!"

The man throws his car into reverse and screeches out, but before he's clear of the throng, nearly every window in his car is shattered. A wave of nervous laughter runs through the crowd.

The afternoon wears on, and the miners express their determination to stay. "By God, I come up here for a war!" says one of them, as he pounds his club impatiently against the pavement.

Eventually, two state troopers arrive in a squad car to inform the men that an injunction has been issued against them, and they have an hour to clear the area.

"Get on outa here!" one of the miners yells at them. "We're UMW, and ain't nobody movin' us!"

Soon arguments begin breaking out over the efficacy of confronting the state police, and the group slowly begins to

split into two factions. "Goddamnit! Get your clubs and get up here!" I hear one yell at his friends. "If you don't back me today, I'll get your asses later!" Reports (later confirmed) come in that more than 25 carloads of state troopers in full riot gear are waiting up the road.

Finally, several leaders from various UMW locals call their men aside and attempt to dissuade them from having a confrontation; one of them gets atop the sandbag barricade and makes a brief speech against fighting the state police. Many of the miners jeer him, but it is obvious that the momentum has been broken. Gradually, they get in their cars and pickups and begin to move out. Soon only a handful remain.

One stocky-looking mountain man in bib overalls, with a wool stocking cap perched crookedly on his head, throws down his club and stares sadly at the exodus. "Damn!" he spits, "everybody backin' out! It makes me so damned mad I could *cry*!"

A little later that afternoon, as I leave McCreary County, I ride by the union hall in nearby Whitely City. A large group of strikers—probably a hundred of them—have gathered there. As they mill around on the sidewalk outside, they look bitter, restless, impatient.

Like the man in the overalls and stocking cap, they too must be disappointed this afternoon. It is doubtful that another clash with the state police would have served any useful purpose. Still, it would have been something—something to break the intransigence and frustration of this bleak siege.

For a moment I think of what this strike has meant to these men: repossessed cars, eviction notices, unmet mortgage payments, Christmas with no money for gifts. Then I think of the pencil-pushers at the Blue Diamond Coal Company in Knoxville, balancing their profit ledgers—people to whom such abstract notions as safe mining conditions are probably about as remote as the price of rice in Bulgaria.

I recall the evening before, when I went to the McCreary County Jail and visited the dozen or so miners serving sentences for various picket-line violations. As I left that evening and passed through the heavy metal door, I looked over my shoulder at William King, one of the jailed strikers, and wished him good luck.

I recall that, as he looked up from talking with his little girl, a flash of weariness and sadness passed briefly through his eyes.

"Yeah," he laughed a hollow laugh. "We're gonna need it!"

TWINS

(continued from page 86)

tight around me.

I listened to her breathing in my ear. It was soft at first, so soft that sometimes I lost the sound. It was easy, but it got stronger and quicker as I pushed myself in. She moved with me, almost melting into my body. When I came, she held me deep inside, held her body close to mine, and then started to breathe softly again.

I looked up. In the light of the moon I saw Brenda. She was naked. She held the fig bars next to her stomach. Her skin was white, and she was sobbing.

"Please, preacher. Me next."

I looked at her and wondered if I wanted this cold, white girl who talked constantly of death. Her sister was better. Why should I waste my time on Brenda?

Mary Lee put her hands on my neck and pulled my face down to hers. She kissed me lightly. "Let her. She needs it bad," she whispered to me.

I stared at her. "I thought you were—"

"Let her be next. I'll get you up for her."

Mary Lee smiled and put her hands on my chest and gently pushed me off. I lay on the bed beside her as she kissed my neck and throat. She moved her lips down my body and took my prick in her mouth again. She held it with one hand and sucked it and ran the other hand over my stomach and chest. Soon I was ready for her sister.

Mary Lee slipped across my body and motioned for Brenda to lie down beside me. Brenda moved onto the bed and handed Mary Lee the fig bars. She lay down on her back and opened her legs. I moved on top of her, and I heard Mary Lee open the package of fig bars as I steadied myself to move into her sister.

Brenda's legs were too close together. I reached down with one hand and pushed on one of them. She spread them as wide as she could, as if she were trying to tear herself apart. Then I went in. A little cry came up in her throat. I looked down between us and saw the blood.

"You've never done—"

"No."

"But on the bus you said you'd been rebellious."

"I lied."

I started to pull out of her, but I felt Mary Lee's hand on my back.

"Don't stop. Give it to her good."

So I took Brenda's legs and pressed them against my back and forced myself deep. I wasn't doing it for Brenda. I was doing it for Mary Lee. Brenda was still

cold, and she didn't move much. She had stopped crying.

Her breathing wasn't soft; it was harsh and jagged. Then she started talking. "When we were kids," she said as I dug deeper into her, "I used to memorize Bible verses to recite every Sunday morning at the breakfast table. But Mary Lee didn't know any Bible verses. She never read her Bible at all. She couldn't even recite John 3:16."

I put my arms around her back and pulled her up. Maybe that would shut her up. I didn't like her talking while I was fucking her. I was on my knees and she was wrapped around me and she wasn't talking anymore. But her breathing was still like a choking sound.

Mary Lee moved behind her sister. She was on her knees too, and she smiled at me. She took a fig bar and moved it toward my mouth. I opened my mouth, and she put the fig bar on my tongue. I took it in and chewed it while I fucked her sister.

Brenda's face was against mine. I could hear the scratching of my beard on her white skin. Mary Lee moved close to us. Her tanned tits were touching Brenda's white back. Mary Lee started talking. It was just a whisper. She wasn't talking to me, although she was looking at me. She was whispering to her sister.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish—"

"I'm gonna come," I told—not Brenda—Mary Lee.

"Pull it out," Brenda moaned. "Pull it out. Please pull it out."

As I started to come, I put my hands under Brenda's arms and lifted her a few inches until she was off my prick. Mary Lee leaned back to watch as I shot my cum in globs up her sister's back.

Then Mary Lee moved in again. She leaned down and licked my cum from Brenda's spine. Her tongue traveled up and up until she was licking her sister's shoulder. She put her hands between Brenda and me and rubbed Brenda's little white tits.

Brenda turned her head, and Mary Lee kissed her. It was a juicy, open-mouth kiss. Brenda let go of my body and let herself fall back, with Mary Lee holding her, onto the bed. She opened her arms. Mary Lee came to her and kissed her again.

I stayed there on my knees and watched them. I could tell that Brenda was giving something back now, giving something to her sister. Her hands were moving up and down her sister's body. Their bodies were so close together,

their legs and arms moving so freely, that for a moment they looked like a set of Siamese twins at a freak show.

Then Mary Lee moved, and Brenda looked down and saw the blood on the sheet. "Oh, my God!"

Mary Lee put her hand on Brenda's neck. "Don't worry," she said.

"Oh, my God! My own sister!"

She jumped off the bed and stood, shaking. "You're not a preacher at all!" Brenda cried.

Mary Lee and I just looked at her.

"Where's the bathroom? I've got to get rid of the blood!"

I pointed toward the bathroom door. "You're not a preacher," she muttered again. She turned toward the door but stopped a moment, shaking and crying.

"Did you see how she was getting into it?" Mary Lee whispered to me. "With me, I mean. I knew she would. She's probably wanted that for years."

Brenda turned back to us. "What? What did you say?"

Mary Lee just giggled. Brenda turned, fled into the bathroom and shut the door. I looked down at the blood that was drying on the sheet. "Don't worry about it," Mary Lee said. "She won't say I'm stupid no more."

Mary Lee put her arms around my neck and kissed me. I could taste the fig bars and my cum and Brenda on her chipped tooth. We fell back onto the pillows.

My prick was getting hard again, but it was wet with cum and Brenda's blood and both sisters' juices. I looked down at it. Mary Lee didn't have to be told. She eased down my body. She took some of her long, sandy-colored hair in her hand and cleaned my prick. Her hair was soft.

"Did you enjoy it too?" I asked her. "With her, I mean."

"It was nice," she said as she rubbed my prick in her hair. "Now we're identical again."

As I went into Mary Lee that last time, I heard the water running into the bathtub. When we were finished, I lay my head on a pillow and listened for more sounds. There were none. I closed my eyes, and Mary Lee put her head on my chest.

I guess the sun woke me, because when I opened my eyes it was shining through the window. I looked at Mary Lee's tanned body. Her head was still on my chest, and one of her legs was thrown across mine. I wondered where Brenda was. Then I realized that I had to piss. I eased Mary Lee off and got up and walked to the bathroom.

I opened the door and saw Brenda. She was even more pale now, lying in the bathtub with her arm thrown over

the side. Her head was back against the tile wall, and she was looking at me. The water was pink, the floor blood-red.

My razor was on the side of the tub. The brand-new blade I had put in before going to Tulsa was laying in the blood on the floor. I reached down and picked it up. I lifted her arm. She had done it the way I once heard you should. She had slit up the wrist, not across. I looked at her neck. One side of it was cut too. I guessed she didn't have time to cut the other side.

I dropped her arm and went to my knees on the bloody bathroom floor and felt my stomach churn inside me.

"Is she dead?" Mary Lee stood at the door, looking down at us.

"Yes."

She turned and walked back to the bedroom. I took several deep breaths until I thought I could stand up. I did it slowly, holding onto the side of the tub, my fingers dipping into the bloody water. I looked down at Brenda. Then I turned and staggered out.

Mary Lee was already dressed. She was standing by the bed.

"What are we going to do?" I asked.

"I want you to handle all the arrangements. After all, you're a preacher."

She turned and walked into the living room. I caught up with her in front of the picture window. I grabbed her and turned her around and held her in my arms. "I'm not a preacher."

"Sure you are. I know. Buford and I were married by a preacher, and he was just like you."

"Stay with me."

She shook her head and smiled. "I can't."


She pulled free of me and headed for the door. "Are you going home?"

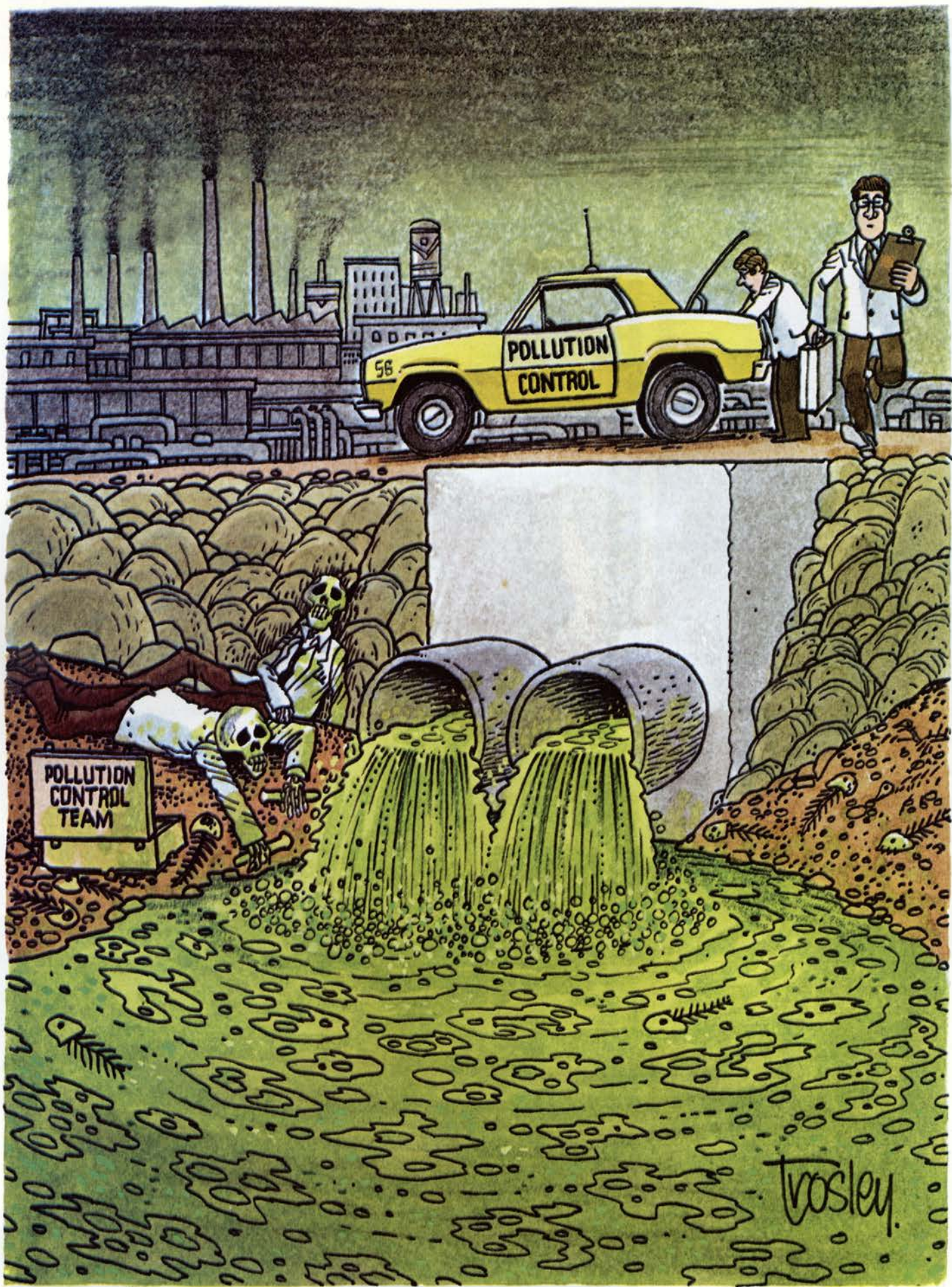
She stopped and turned back. "No reason to now. Brenda wouldn't be there to make sure I stay good."

"Where are you going?"

"Don't know. Somewhere."

She walked out the door. I pressed my naked body against the picture window and watched her stride down the street toward the bus station. Then I remembered that I didn't know her last name. I couldn't call her parents about Brenda. And I wanted to tell her that I would be a preacher if she wanted me to. I wanted to tell her I loved her.

She stopped and turned back and waved to me and ran on down the sidewalk. I just stood there because I knew she would probably never say what she wanted me to be. The glass was cold against my body. When Mary Lee was out of sight, I turned around and walked back to the pale sister in the bathtub. 





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March

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SCHOOLS FOR DICTATORS—Investigative reporter Daniel Kagan presents a rundown of American colleges and academies that turn out butchers—at the expense of the American taxpayer—for the Western world's most repressive nations.

THE BADDEST DUDE IN THE WORLD—Streetfighter Benny Urquidez punched and kicked his way out of a Los Angeles barrio to become the World Lightweight Full-Contact Karate Champion. **HUSTLER** profiles the man and explores the legend surrounding the martial artist who experts insist can whip any man alive. By Stuart Goldman.

BREAK-IN—March's fiction finds two burglars who encounter more than silverware and candlesticks in a rich man's home. A violent but realistic work as only Charles Bukowski can present.

SHITTY SUBJECT—**HUSTLER**'s resident lunatic and *Chester* creator, cartoonist Dwaine B. Tinsley, takes a zany look at America's biggest taboo: the turd.

PHOTO-FEATURES—Another bare-assed look at Hollywood, this time one of film's top celebrities, whose early porn flick could not be suppressed quickly enough by the industry before **HUSTLER** got its hands on it. Next, a cover girl you'd pay dearly for—a honey of a hooker who advertises her luscious wares in one of our more provocative pictorials. To show we're not prejudiced, we're also featuring a male prostitute who sells his body to an older woman, and boy!—does this matronly old broad appreciate his hard, young flesh. To offset all this worldliness, **HUSTLER** presents the girl next door, in a centerfold that would raise the property values in any neighborhood.



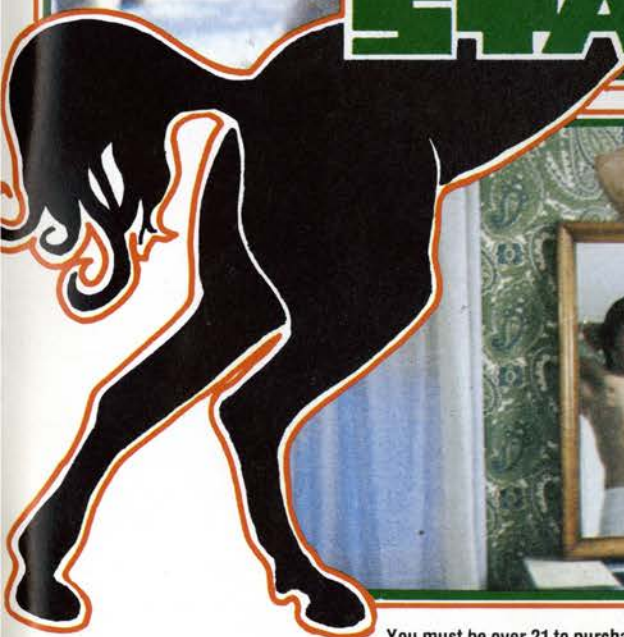
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